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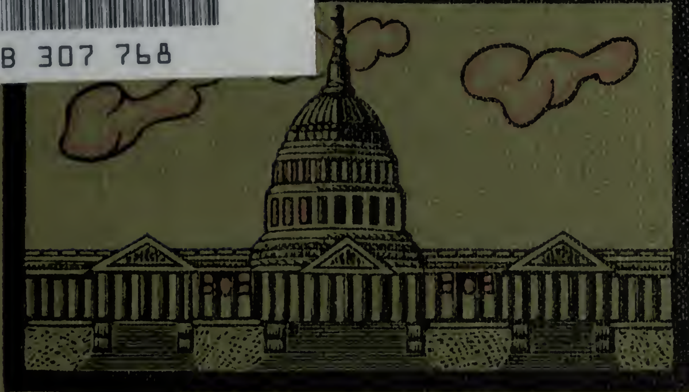
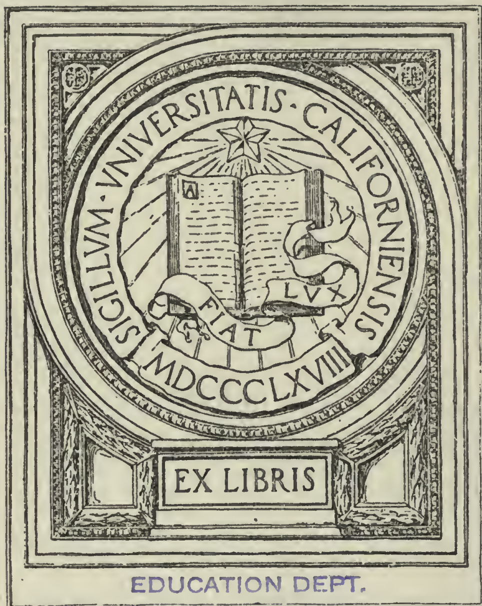


BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY

GREENLAW

GIFT OF
R. D. LINQUIST



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BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY

The Service, Told in Song and Story, of Those Who Gave Us Freedom □ □ □ The New Crisis and How It Must Be Met □ □ □ And the Greater Freedom That Is to Come

BY

EDWIN GREENLAW

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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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PREFACE

This book may be used as a supplementary text in history and English classes, or as an independent text. The selections, taken from a wide variety of sources, constitute a body of patriotic literature that will not fail to appeal to boys and girls to whom love of country, in these stirring times, is becoming a very real thing. The study helps and questions and the glossary will serve to connect the selections with each other and also to provide material for class-room discussions.

But the book is designed also to serve several purposes not included in the usual idea of a mere reader. The first of these may be defined as a propaganda for good citizenship which is approached from a somewhat new angle. The chief purpose of the book is this presentation of a definite conception of democratic citizenship, but interest and concreteness are gained through the poems, stories, extracts from histories of high literary value, and even state papers which are used as illustrations of this conception. The selections have been chosen in such a way as to present, concretely and cumulatively, a conception of patriotism that is founded on *doing* as well as *believing,* on *conduct* as well as *emotion,* on coöperation of all for the good of all as the ideal of democracy. The pupil will see how this combination of self-activity and coöperation has been the vital principle of democracy from the earliest times, and how we may test the spiritual quality of any age or generation by the presence or absence of this principle as an active force in society.

To bring out this conception, the three parts of the book are named THE CALL TO THE COLORS, THE BUILDERS AND

Their Work, and Soldiers of Freedom. In Part I, which is largely a matter of definition, the selections, with the explanatory matter that accompanies them, bring out the difference between patriotic emotion and coöperative service. Concreteness is further gained through the application of the whole matter to the present war, both *national,* involving America's relation to it, and *individual,* including school children as well as soldiers. The whole conception gains dramatic value through the vision of the Nation responding to the Call to the Colors, while the idea that the flag not only represents the glorious history of the nation, but also depends, for its meaning, on what each generation makes of it, leads naturally to the subject treated in the second part of the book.

In this second part, a series of twelve pictures, or dramatic moments in the history of English and American democracy, is given. These constitute what may be called the epic story of our democracy. Besides their fundamental interest, they have an advantage through concentration, so that the imagination of the pupil can grasp something of the splendid sweep of the history of democracy through a long period of time. This appeal to the historical imagination of the child is a valuable aid in developing sound ideals of patriotism, and this mighty drama, presented through the words and deeds of those who in many centuries have won victories for humanity, will inspire and uplift all who look upon it. In fact, teachers may find it possible to present these twelve scenes, with necessary omissions and condensations, as a Masque or Ritual of Democracy. Throughout Part II, as in Part I, the application to present conditions is constant, and the section closes once more with the idea that liberty is a heritage

that is to be prized, but that it is also something to be *won,* by each generation, according to a definition which each generation must work out for itself.

In Part III there is less expository matter, or propaganda of patriotism, partly because the foundations have been laid and there can be no mistake in interpretation, and partly because of the nature of the selections. The spirit that unites the free peoples of the world in this new-old conflict with the monster of tyranny, finds illustration in song and story, with further definition in several prose pieces, while the application to the theme of the book is shown by the pledge of America in response to the call of the Allies, by the account of the making of our youth into defenders of this pledge, and by President Wilson's benediction upon the Soldiers of Freedom.

The second of the special purposes proposed in the book is to give to boys and girls a clear idea of the relationship between England and America as the joint founders of free government and now its co-defenders. We have singularly missed, in our history teaching, the full meaning of this stupendous achievement. Too often England has been seen as a monarchy, the hereditary enemy of the United States. Too often national vainglory has turned upon the idea of the punishment England underwent at the hands of our forefathers. The old quarrel has been kept up, the old battles fought over and over, in a clumsy and dangerous manner, for generation after generation. But to see the American Revolution as a stage in the development of free government for England as well as for America; to see that our institutions have grown from English institutions and are of the same organic texture, and finally to see that now at last the two great English-speaking peoples are shoulder

to shoulder in a fight that has been theirs for ages,—all this is an inspiring and impressive lesson to be burnt upon the consciousness of all those youth whose eyes shall also see, before they reach the three score and ten years of the psalmist, that dream come true of the "The United Peoples of the World."

Finally, the book illustrates certain conceptions about the teaching of English. For example, it is not a textbook of English, as the analysis in the preceding paragraphs will show, yet it is a collection of what are sometimes called "masterpieces," and it will undoubtedly help pupils who study it "to speak and write the English language correctly." Literature is in this book regarded as the bible of the human spirit, its records as authentic as battle records or dynasties or constitutions, its interpretations as divine as the spirit of man. Facts of literary history, facts of style, facts of verse-form are all subordinated to the conviction that the chief aim of the pupil should be to ascertain the meaning of what poet or story-teller has to say, and its application to his life. The poem or story will be read not as a source of pleasure and refreshment alone, a dessert, something to break the monotony of serious study, but from a broader point of view. In this particular selection of literature, for example, two special purposes, described above, have dictated the choice of material. Through this choice it has been possible not only to make use of the power of imagination and beauty concentrated in the individual poem, but also to construct new units, by which the poems help interpret each other and help also to bring a new imaginative and dramatic conception to life in the minds and hearts of boys and girls. The Studies and Notes have been designed to make these ideas,

and the applications of them, as clear as possible. They should be carefully studied, as they are essential to the plan. They are not supplied everywhere, because in many cases the nature of the selection requires no such comment; they are not supplied merely for purposes of examination. Of course others may be added at the discretion of teachers, and those that are given may be used in a variety of ways,—for oral discussion by pupils in class, or for written exercises, or as the basis for talks by the teacher. The plan of the book is such as to stimulate composition, both oral and written, by giving pupils interesting things to talk and to write about.

It remains to add a few words of personal acknowledgment. For the use of copyrighted material, the author is indebted to the following authors and publishers:

E. P. Dutton and Company: "The Beloved Captain," from *A Student in Arms,* by Donald Hankey; and "A Chant of Love for England," from *A Chant of Love for England, and Other Poems,* by Helen Gray Cone.

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Miss Theodosia Garrison: "The Soul of Jeanne D'Arc," from Scribner's Magazine.

The New York Tribune and Mrs. Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson: "Qui Vive?" by Grace Ellery Channing.

Payson S. Wild: "File Three," from *The Chicago Tribune.*

To Mr. W. H. Elson, the author is under obligations too

varied and numerous to admit of detailed statement. For a considerable portion of the time during which the book was in active preparation, daily conferences were held at which the wide experience of Mr. Elson as a school man and as author of the Elson Readers was generously and unreservedly placed at the service of the author.

The last of these special debts is one that has just been transfigured by death. In the tragic passing of Mr. Charles E. S. Fielden the author has lost not only a much-loved friend but a wise and helpful co-laborer on this book, all of which, save only these paragraphs, he had read in type. His special work, outwardly, had to do with types and forms, mechanical details of book manufacture. But such a description conveys no sense of the love that he had for his work, or of his fine judgment and wide knowledge and never-failing patience, or of that rich personality that made him like one of the old books that he loved so well. Many were the books that he made, in the course of a long life, for thousands of regiments of school children who never knew his name. And the builder of beautiful books for children is surely, of good right, one of the Builders of Democracy.

E. G.

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BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY

> All are architects of fate,
> Working in these walls of time;
> Some with massive deeds and great,
> Some with ornaments of rhyme.
>
> —*Longfellow.*

In this book we are to find what great men—poets, statesmen, citizens—have said about the ideals for which America and her Allies are now at war. The book is thus a means by which we may learn what it is to be a good American citizen. All the work of the school, of course, has the same purpose. There can be no higher ideal for a man or a woman than to try to be a good citizen.

To be a good citizen, one must not only be industrious, honest, intelligent. He must also be able and willing to work with others, so that his community is a good place in which to live. He must take an intelligent interest in government, so that he can choose good officers for city and state, and can himself be a good officer if chosen by his fellows to serve them. He must know what the nation's ideals are, and must help to form these ideals. President Wilson has summed up the whole duty of citizenship by saying that a man must not only earn a living but also be ready to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit.

What Men Have Done for Freedom

This last sentence is a little difficult, and we shall need to give attention to the two things that it tells us. "To earn a living" means that one must be a productive member of society, not one who lives upon others. It means that in America men have what they do not always have in other countries, the privilege of developing in business or a profession whatever talent they possess, so that they may attain, and keep, the highest rewards of their intelligence and industry. In ancient Egypt, wretched, starving men worked as slaves upon buildings for kings, or died in wars of conquest carried on by kings. In ancient Greece, a highly intelligent group of men, an aristocracy, lived admirable lives that were made secure for them by the work of their unfortunate fellows who were not thought worthy of any freedom of opportunity. In Russia at the beginning of the war, millions of peasants had no land of their own, had no tools for even the simple needs of farmers, had no rights to any money or property. So it has been through history, a constant struggle on the part of millions of men and women merely for the right to earn a living. In America it is not so. Our Declaration of Independence stated as rights that cannot be taken away, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The history of the United States has established that Declaration forever.

The other part of the sentence, "to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit," points out an obligation that rests upon all citizens of a free government. "America means opportunity," said one of our greatest writers. To those who established the colonies at Jamestown, Plymouth, and elsewhere, the "opportunity" they

sought was escape from unendurable conditions in England. To the millions of immigrants who have come to us from European countries during the last century, "opportunity" has meant a similar escape from oppression—the privilege of building their own lives and fortunes. To many Americans in recent times, "opportunity" has meant the privilege of choosing one's career—to be a lawyer or an engineer or a manufacturer and to win the highest reward in money and position possible to one's talents and industry. The establishment of free colonies in America in the seventeenth century was one of the enterprises of the human spirit. The winning of independence in the Revolutionary war was another such enterprise. The expansion of the Republic through the western territories, a mighty western empire, conquering forest and plain, building great cities, developing great farms—these also have been enterprises of the American spirit during the last century. The abolition of slavery, the establishment of a united country, the development of our system of government to meet the needs of a vast population—all these are illustrations of what the human spirit, in free America, has accomplished. "Be proud! for she is saved," cried a great American poet at the end of the Civil War—

> "She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
> She of the open soul and open door,
> With room about her heart for all mankind!"

A New Summons

But the warfare never ends. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Some of the foes of liberty are outside—they are made visible in the German scheme of conquest

and world dominion. These we must fight if we would retain our liberty. But there are also foes at home—selfishness, a "pursuit of happiness" that disregards the rights of others, a wrong idea of what liberty and freedom mean. To keep our liberty we must triumph over these foes, foreign and near at hand.

> For what avail the plow or sail,
> Or land or life, if Freedom fail?

There is one great enterprise of the human spirit, more splendid and far-reaching than any that have gone before, the climax of centuries of struggle. Our country is so vast in extent that we have been able to care not only for our own population but also for millions of poor men and women who found in Europe no opportunity for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We have made America an asylum of refuge for all who were oppressed, a safe place in the world for democracy. Now we have found that this is not enough. The world itself is to be made safe for democracy. President Wilson has spoken of this new enterprise of the human spirit in many places. "The things which we have always carried nearest our hearts," he says, we shall fight for. Our war is "for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

What are these things which we have always carried nearest our hearts? What is the purpose for which the American flag is now once more unfurled over a battlefield?

Why is that flag now for the first time leading armed forces in Europe? These are questions that this book will help you to answer. And this book will help you also to answer some other questions that are equally important. What is *your* part, and *mine,* in this great enterprise? What is it to be "called to the colors"?

One answer that may help you to find others in the pages that follow is contained in the following little incident. In a small cabin on a farm far out in the country lives a family which possesses little beyond the bare necessities of existence. A visitor suggested to the woman of the house that she must find it very difficult to get flour in these days.

"We ain't used no flour in six months," was the reply.

"What, no flour? Why, how do you get along?"

"Oh, we eats potaters, mostly."

"But you could get flour if you tried, couldn't you?"

"Well, we read in the papers awhile back as how folks oughtn't to use no flour bein' as the soldiers needed it. So we just stopped."

The language shows that this woman has little education. If she were asked questions about the meaning of the war or the events of the war, very probably she could not answer. But she is a good citizen. She is willing to deny herself for others. She is willing to co-operate with others in this great enterprise. She has answered the call to the colors as truly as any young man who goes to fight "over there."

PART ONE

THE CALL TO THE COLORS

I. THE FLAG

You know what it is to see the school team, or the college team in which you may be interested, running on the field at the start of a big game. They have been called to the colors of their school, and they will defend those colors with every ounce of strength they possess. It is not only of the present contest that they think. They must uphold the tradition of the school. All the victories won by your school teams in the past years help to make this team today the object of your admiration and support.

You feel that they represent *you*. You would like to help them, and you do help them by your loyalty, by your shouts, by your songs and cheers. You also would like to be able to "make" that team, so that you could help uphold the honor of the school.

Now watch the soldiers marching down the avenue, ranks on ranks of them, marshalled under the flag. Here is the Nation's "team," ready to do battle for the honor of the great school to which we all belong. They have been *called to the colors.*

How many there are of them! And how strong they look. "Eyes right," team work in every movement, company after company of them, until the regiment has passed by.

Then all at once you see in them not merely hundreds and thousands of men in uniform, but the embodiment of

our nation's strength. They stand for the nation, as your team stands for the school. At the head of the column the colors are flying. The flag—Old Glory we call it—is the symbol of the strength of the nation. It is a nation that has grown mighty through the years that stretch from Jamestown and Plymouth, from Lexington and Concord. It is a nation that has filled plain and forest, has drawn wealth from mine and farm-land, has built great cities and vast industries. It is a nation, too, that has given safety and freedom not only to those born under its flag but also to millions who have come here from Europe to seek a happier life.

It is this pride in the might of our nation, this love for the flag and all that it implies, this loyalty that is the elementary virtue of patriotic citizens everywhere, that Mr. Bennett has expressed in his poem, "The Flag Goes By."

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY H. BENNETT

1

Hats off!
Along the streets there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

2

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

3

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

4

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

5

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

6

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Find in the poem illustrations of the way in which the flag signifies the might of the nation.

2. What is meant by "more than the flag is passing by"?

3. Name events in American history that illustrate each line of the third stanza.

4. What periods of our history are referred to in the fourth stanza? What is meant by "march of a strong land's swift increase"? By "Equal justice, right, and law"?

5. What part have *you*, as you watch the soldiers marching by?

II. MORE THAN THE FLAG

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

"Sea fights and land fights" have helped to give meaning to the Flag. A little more than a century ago, all Europe was at war. American commerce was swept from the seas, but the little American navy measured strength with the great sea-power of England, a nation that had defeated the combined naval power of France and Spain at Trafalgar. In 1812 the *Constitution* compelled the British warship *Guerrière* to surrender. Captain Orme, an American naval officer whose ship had been captured by the *Guerrière,* tells of his experience as a British prisoner during the fight.

CAPTAIN ORME'S STORY

I commanded the American brig *Betsey,* in the year 1812, and was returning home from Naples, Italy, to Boston. When near the western edge of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, on the 10th of August, 1812, I fell in with the British frigate *Guerrière,* Captain Dacres, and was captured by him. Myself and a boy were taken on board of the frigate; the remainder of my officers and men were

left in the *Betsey,* and sent into Halifax, N. S., as a prize to the *Guerrière.*

On the 19th of the same month, the wind being fresh from the northward, the *Guerrière* was under double-reefed topsails during all the forenoon of this day. At 2 P.M. we discovered a large sail to windward, bearing about North from us. We soon made her out to be a frigate. She was steering off from the wind, with her head to the southwest, evidently with the intention of cutting us off as soon as possible.

Signals were soon made by the *Guerrière,* but as they were not answered, the conclusion of course was, that she was either a French or an American frigate. Captain Dacres appeared anxious to ascertain her character, and after looking at her for that purpose, handed me his spy-glass, requesting me to give him my opinion of the stranger. I soon saw from the peculiarity of her sails, and from her general appearance, that she was, without doubt, an American frigate, and communicated the same to Captain Dacres. He immediately replied, that he thought she came down too boldly for an American, but soon after added, "The better he behaves, the more honor we shall gain by taking him."

The two ships were rapidly approaching each other, when the *Guerrière* backed her maintopsail, and waited for her opponent to come down and commence the action. He then set an English flag at each masthead, beat to quarters, and made ready for the fight. When the strange frigate came down to within two or three miles distance, he hauled upon the wind, took in all his light sails, reefed his topsails, and deliberately prepared for action. It was now

about five o'clock in the afternoon, when he filled away and ran down for the *Guerrière*. At this moment, Captain Dacres politely said to me, "Captain Orme, as I suppose you do not wish to fight against your own countrymen, you are at liberty to go below the water-line." It was not long after this before I retired from the quarter-deck to the cockpit.

Of course I saw no more of the action until the firing ceased, but I heard and felt much of its effects; for soon after I left the deck, the firing commenced on board the *Guerrière,* and was kept up almost constantly until about six o'clock, when I heard a tremendous explosion from the opposing frigate. The effect of her shot seemed to make the *Guerrière* reel and tremble as though she had received the shock of an earthquake. Immediately after this, I heard a tremendous crash on deck, and was told the mizzen-mast was shot away. In a few moments afterward the cockpit was filled with wounded men.

At about half-past six o'clock in the evening, after the firing had ceased, I went on deck, and there beheld a scene which it would be difficult to describe. All the *Guerrière's* masts were shot away, and as she had no sails to steady her, she lay rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. The decks were covered with blood, the gun tackles were not made fast, and several of the guns got loose, and were surging to and fro from one side to the other.

In the same year Captain Lawrence, dying in the midst of the battle between the American ship *Chesapeake* and the British *Shannon,* called out as he was being borne below, "Don't give up the ship!"

In June of 1813, Captain Perry won his great victory

over the British fleet on Lake Erie. James Fenimore Cooper, whose stories of Indian life are better known than his history of the American navy, tells us about the battle.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The English vessels presented a very gallant array, and their appearance was beautiful and imposing. Their line was compact, with the heads of the vessels still to the southward and westward; their ensigns were just opening to the air; their vessels were freshly painted, and their canvas was new and perfect. The American line was more straggling. The order of battle required them to form within half a cable's length of each other, but the schooners astern could not close with the vessels ahead, which sailed faster, and had more light canvas, until some considerable time had elapsed.

A few minutes before twelve, the *Detroit* (Br.) threw a twenty-four pound shot at the *Lawrence* (Am.), then on her weather quarter, distant between one and two miles. Captain Perry now passed an order by trumpet, through the vessels astern, for the line to close to the prescribed order; and soon after the *Scorpion* was hailed, and directed to begin her long run. At this moment, the American vessels in line were edging down upon the English, those in front being necessarily nearer to the enemy than those more astern, with the exception of the *Ariel* and *Scorpion,* which two schooners had been ordered to keep well to windward of the *Lawrence*. As the *Detroit* had an armament of long guns, Captain Barclay (the British

commander) manifested his judgment in commencing the action in this manner; and in a short time, the firing between that ship, the *Lawrence,* and the two schooners at the head of the American line, got to be very animated.

The *Lawrence* now showed a signal for the squadron to close, each vessel in her station, as previously designated. A few minutes later the vessels astern began to fire, and the action became general but distant. The *Lawrence,* however, appeared to be the principal aim of the enemy, and before the firing had lasted any material time, the *Detroit, Hunter,* and *Queen Charlotte* were directing most of their efforts against her. The American brig endeavored to close, and did succeed in getting within reach of canister, though not without suffering materially, as she fanned down upon the enemy. At this time, the support of the two schooners ahead, which were well commanded and fought, was of the greatest moment to her; for the vessels astern, though in the line, could be of little use in diverting the fire, on account of their positions and the distance. After the firing had lasted some time, the *Niagara* hailed the *Caledonia,* and directed the latter to make room for the former to pass ahead. . . . Captain Perry, finding himself in a vessel that had been rendered nearly useless by the injuries she had received, and which was dropping out of the combat, got into his boat, and pulled after the *Niagara,* on board of which vessel he arrived at about half-past two. Soon after, the colors of the *Lawrence* were hauled down, that vessel being literally a wreck.

When the enemy saw the colors of the *Lawrence* come down, he confidently believed that he had gained the day.

His men appeared over the bulwarks of the different vessel and gave three cheers. For a few minutes, indeed, there appears to have been, as if by common consent, nearly a general cessation in the firing, during which both parties were preparing for a desperate and final effort. The wind had freshened, and the position of the *Niagara,* which brig was now abeam of the leading English vessel, was commanding; while the gun-vessels astern, in consequence of the increasing breeze, were enabled to close very fast.

At 45 minutes past 2, or when time had been given to the gun-vessels to receive the order mentioned, Captain Perry showed the signal from the *Niagara* for close action, and immediately bore up, under his foresail, topsails, and topgallantsail. As the American vessels hoisted their answering flags, this order was received with three cheers, and it was obeyed with alacrity and spirit. The enemy had attempted to wear round, to get fresh broadsides to bear, in doing which his line got into confusion, and the two ships for a short time were foul of each other, while the *Lady Prevost* had so far shifted her berth as to be both to the westward and to the leeward of the *Detroit.*

At this critical moment, the *Niagara* came steadily down, within half pistol shot of the enemy, standing between the *Chippewa* and *Lady Prevost,* on one side and the *Detroit, Queen Charlotte,* and *Hunter* on the other. In passing, she poured in her broadsides, starboard and larboard, ranged ahead of the ships, luffed athwart their bows, and continued delivering a close and deadly fire. The shrieks from the *Detroit* proclaimed that the tide of battle had turned. At the same moment, the gun-vessels and *Caledonia* were throwing in close discharges of grape and

canister astern. A conflict so fearfully close, and so deadly, was necessarily short. In fifteen or twenty minutes after the *Niagara* bore up, a hail was passed among the small vessels, to say that the enemy had struck, and an officer of the *Queen Charlotte* appeared on the taffrail of that ship, waving a white handkerchief, bent to a boarding pike.

You can easily find other stories written by men who took part in stirring events in which the Flag acquired new authority. Among the "land fights," for example, General Winfield Scott's account of the battle of Chippewa, in 1814, shows how brave American soldiers a century ago kept the Fourth of July in time of war.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN 1814

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

Early in the march, a little above Blackrock, a considerable body of the enemy was discovered. It proved to be a corps of observation under the command of the Marquis of Tweedale. All hearts leapt with joy at the chance of doing something worthy of the anniversary, and to cheer our desponding countrymen at home—something that might ever, on that returning day—

> Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

The events of the day, however, proved most tantalizing. An eager pursuit of sixteen miles ensued. The heat and dust were scarcely bearable; but not a man flagged. All felt that immortal fame lay within reach. . . . Finally, toward sunset, the enemy were driven across the Chippewa River. . . .

The anniversary dinner cooked for Scott's brigade, with many extras added by him in honor of the day, happily came over from Schlosser on the 5th, and was soon dispatched by officers and men, who had scarcely broken fast in thirty-odd hours.

To keep his men in breath, he had ordered a parade for grand evolutions in the cool of the afternoon. For this purpose there was, below the creek, a plain extending back from the Niagara of some hundred of yards in the broader part, and a third narrower lower down. From the dinner, without expecting a battle, though fully prepared for one, Scott marched for this field. The view below from his camp was obstructed by the brushwood that fringed the creek; but when arrived near the bridge at its mouth, he met Major General Brown, coming in at full gallop, who, in passing, said with emphasis, "You will have a battle!" and, without halting, pushed on to the rear to put Ripley's brigade in motion—supposing that Scott was perfectly aware of the near approach of the entire British army and going out expressly to meet it.

The head of his (Scott's) column had scarcely entered the bridge before it was met by a fire, at an easy distance, from nine field guns. Towson's battery quickly responded, with some effect. The column of our infantry, greatly elongated by the diminution of front, to enable it to pass the narrow bridge, steadily advanced, though with some loss, and battalion after battalion when over formed line to the left and front, under the continued fire of the enemy's battery. When Scott was seen approaching the bridge, General Riall (the British commander), who had dispersed twice his numbers the winter before, in his expedition on

the American side (of the boundary between Canada and the United States), said, "It is nothing but a body of Buffalo militia!" But when the bridge was passed in fine style, under his heavy fire of artillery, he added with an oath, "Why, these are regulars!" The gray coats at first deceived him, which Scott was obliged to accept, there being no blue cloth in the country. In compliment to the battle of Chippewa, our military cadets have worn gray coats ever since. Two hostile lines were now in view of each other, but a little beyond the effective range of musketry.

It has been said that the model American brigade, notwithstanding the excessive vigor and prowess exerted the day before, had failed in the ardent desire to engraft its name, by a decisive victory, on the great national anniversary. The same corps again confronting the enemy, but in an open field, Scott, riding rapidly along the line, threw out a few short sentences—among them, alluding to the day before, was this: "Let us make a new anniversary for ourselves!" . . . And it has often happened, if not always, when Fourths of July have fallen on Sundays, that Chippewa has been remembered at the celebrations of Independence on the 5th of July.

So General Scott and his men, when the nation's years were yet the years of young men, found in the anniversary inspiration for a great victory. To them, "more than the flag was passing by."

But you should realize that "more than the flag" means the defeats and discouragements as well as the victories. General Scott, you will remember, speaks of the desire to

do something that would encourage "our desponding countrymen at home." The year of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane saw also the capture and burning of Washington and the ripening of the plot in New England to oppose the further continuation of the war. Even secession was talked of. Divided in opinion as to the wisdom of making war, lacking a large and disciplined army to make effective the protests of the government against the abuses directed against the American people, forced to build a navy almost under fire of hostile guns, Americans suffered in defeat as well as rejoiced in victory.

The true spirit of the nation, however, is symbolized by the story of the writing of the *Star Spangled Banner,* a story that can not be too often told. You will remember that Francis Scott Key wrote the hymn while a prisoner on the British fleet that was attacking Baltimore in 1814.

"You may imagine," he writes, "what a state of anxiety I endured. . . . To make my feelings still more acute, the Admiral had intimated his fears that the town must be burned, and I was sure that if taken it would have been given to plunder."

Mr. F. S. Key-Smith, a descendant of the author of the national hymn, has given an interesting account of the way in which it was written.

HOW THE NATIONAL HYMN WAS WRITTEN

F. S. KEY-SMITH

Between two and three o'clock in the morning the British, with one or two rocket and several bomb-vessels manned by 1200 picked men, attempted, under cover of

darkness, to slip past the fort and up the Patapsco, hoping to effect a landing and attack the garrison in the rear.

Succeeding in evading the guns of the fort, but unmindful of Fort Covington, under whose batteries they next came, their enthusiasm over the supposed success of the venture gave way in a derisive cheer, which, borne by the damp night air to our small party of Americans on the *Minden* (the ship on which Key was held), must have chilled the blood in their veins and pierced their patriotic hearts like a dagger.

Fort Covington, the lazaretto, and the American barges in the river now simultaneously poured a galling fire upon the unprotected enemy, raking them fore and aft, in horrible slaughter. Disappointed and disheartened, many wounded and dying, they endeavored to regain their ships, which came closer to the fortifications in an endeavor to protect their retreat. A fierce battle ensued. Fort McHenry opened the full force of all her batteries upon them as they repassed, and the fleet responding with entire broadsides made an explosion so terrific that it seemed as though Mother Earth had opened and was vomiting shot and shell in a sheet of fire and brimstone.

The heavens aglow were a seething sheet of flame, and the waters of the harbor, lashed into an angry sea by the vibrations, the *Minden* rode and tossed as though in a tempest. It is recorded that the houses in the city of Baltimore, two miles distant, were shaken to their foundations. Above the tempestuous roar, intermingled with its hubbub and confusion, were heard the shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded. But alas! they were from the direction of the fort. What did it mean? For over an hour the pan-

demonium reigned. Suddenly it ceased—all was quiet, not a shot fired or sound heard, a deathlike stillness prevailed, as the darkness of night resumed its sway. The awful stillness and suspense were unbearable. With the approach of dawn Mr. Key turned his weary and bloodshot eyes in the direction of the fort and its flag, but the darkness had given place to a heavy fog of smoke and mist which now enveloped the harbor and hung close down to the surface of the water. . . . Some time must yet elapse before anything definite might be ascertained, or the object of his aching heart's desire discerned. At last it came. A bright streak of gold mingled with crimson shot athwart the eastern sky, followed by another and still another, as the morning sun arose in the fulness of his glory, lifting "the mists of the deep," crowning a "Heaven-blest land" with a new victory and grandeur.

Through a vista in the smoke and vapor could now be dimly seen the flag of his country. As it caught "The gleam of the morning's first beam," and "in full glory reflected shone in the stream" his proud and patriotic heart knew no bounds; the wounds inflicted "by the battle's confusion" were healed instantly as if by magic; a new life sprang into every fiber, and his pent-up emotions burst forth with an inspiration in a song of praise, victory, and thanksgiving as he exclaimed:

> "'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The first draft of the words were emotionally scribbled upon the back of a letter which he carried in his pocket and of which he made use to dot down some memoranda of his thoughts and sentiments. . . . Copies of the song

were struck off in handbill form, and promiscuously distributed on the street. Catching with popular favor, like prairie fire it spread in every direction, was read and discussed, until, in less than an hour, the news was all over the city. Picked up by a crowd of soldiers assembled, some accounts put it, about Captain McCauley's tavern, next to the Holiday Street Theater, others have it around their tents on the outskirts of the city, Ferdinand Durang, a musician, adapted the words to the old tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," and, mounting a chair, rendered it in fine style. On the evening of the same day it was again rendered upon the stage of the Holiday Street Theater by an actress, and the theater is said to have gained thereby a national reputation. In about a fortnight it had reached New Orleans and was publicly played by a military band, and shortly thereafter was heard in nearly, if not all, the principal cities and towns throughout the country.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

III. MAKERS OF THE FLAG

In Mr. Bennett's poem we found the suggestion that "more than the flag is passing by." Some illustrations of the meaning of this sentence have just been given—American history, in peace and war, is symbolized by the Flag. It gains a deeper meaning for us, therefore, when we call to mind its history.

American soldiers and sailors are now engaged in a

war far greater than any that has preceded, are fighting in battles beside which Chippewa and Lake Erie and Baltimore were minor engagements. They are making new history for the Flag, to give it new sacredness in our own and in future generations. But they are not the only Makers of the Flag.

Carpenters and mechanics who build ships to carry wheat to our Allies, farmers who raise foodstuffs, men and women and boys and girls who co-operate with the Food Administration in saving necessary foods, all who help the Government in the immense task of raising the money necessary to enable us to win the victory, all of us who devote our time and our energies, so far as we can, to thinking and winning victory—all these are Makers of the Flag who are now called to the Colors. Democracy means co-operation.

In June, 1914, when all the world was still at peace, Mr. Franklin K. Lane spoke to the five thousand officers and employees of the Department of the Interior about the Makers of the Flag.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

This morning as I passed into the Land Office, the Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said; "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States nor a member of Congress nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice; "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in the Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter, whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when the Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!" Then came a great shout from the Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am nothing more than its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when workmen do an honest piece of work, fitting rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

" I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, the statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big

thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. What does Mr. Lane mean by saying that the Georgia boy, the mother in Michigan, the school teacher in Ohio, are all Makers of the Flag? How do you think of the United States—as a great population ruled by a President, a Congress, and a judiciary at Washington, and by the various state and city governments, with an army and a navy for defence, or as something more? What is it, do you think, to be an American? Does it only mean the right to vote and to hold office? Have *you* any part in America?

2. What kinds of service does Mr. Lane have in mind—service for one's self alone? What ideas about life, held by some people, does he omit? Put into a paragraph a statement about "How the farmer helps make the Flag." (For "farmer" you may substitute the occupation of the man or woman who is the best flag-maker you know.)

3. "I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become." What do you think is meant by "belief in yourself"? Name several illustrations of what you would like to see our country become—your ideals of a great nation. Which of these ideals would you like to see made real in your own life and career?

4. Think of several ways in which your school can co-operate in making the flag.

IV. "THE WORK THAT WE DO IS THE MAKING OF THE FLAG."

America has had many men and women who have written of democracy. Among them none has expressed so fully the idea of co-operation and brotherhood as has Walt Whitman. Several of his poems, therefore, are to be found in various parts of this book. He was devoted to Lincoln, and wrote his most beautiful poems about the death of his friend. He saw hospital service during the Civil War, and wrote intimately and tenderly about the sufferings of wounded and dying soldiers. He loved men—the crowds on the Brooklyn ferries, and the thousands who made homes in the great western wilderness. His point of view, in many things that he wrote, is like that of Secretary Lane—"the work that we do is the making of the flag."

In the lines that follow, the good gray poet, as he has been called, tells us about America at work, and singing about the work—"strong with pride, when workmen do an honest piece of work, fitting rails together truly."

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

WALT WHITMAN

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing on the steamboat deck,

The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutters' song, the plowboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

V. THE LIVING FLAG.

You see, by this time, that the idea that the soldiers are the team, and that the flag is the banner of the school to which we all belong, is quite insufficient. You are not on the side-lines, cheering the team to victory: you have a part to play. That thought about the past victories was all right in a way, but it did not go far enough. We can't think, for example, "Our soldiers showed at Chippewa the kind of stuff Uncle Sam manufactures, and our sailors on Lake Erie showed what kind of team we can put out in an All-World Series, and *that's* what we are going to do to Germany." That is, we can't think of these things and just sit back in our seats in the grandstand and watch the game.

For, now that we think of it, who is Uncle Sam? Is he the Government, pictured as a rather funny looking old gentleman who kindly watches over us, takes care of us, keeps the burglars away with his gun?

You are Uncle Sam.

In a patriotic celebration held not long ago in one of

our large cities, hundreds of school children, dressed in the colors of the flag, were arranged on the side of a hill in such a way as to form a gigantic American flag. That is one way to get the idea that the flag is not a mere banner, a piece of colored bunting. It is *alive!*

When we read, in an oration in praise of the Stars and Stripes, that "white is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands," —when we read this, it becomes a question with us as to whether we really mean these things or whether they are only words.

So, too, when we get on our feet and sing,

> " 'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,"—

what do we really get out of "land of the free and the home of the brave"? Is it merely sentiment, enthusiasm for something vaguely felt or something that we think we *ought* to feel, a sort of tribute to Revolutionary heroes now little more than names in our history books, something outside ourselves, not ourselves? If so, we have not yet found out what it is to be an American.

Two ideas stand out in what we have read thus far. The first is that the flag is something far deeper than a combination of colors signifying purity, valor, justice. It is the treasure won, in blood and devotion, by those who made us a nation, and added to by countless others through the long years until at length it has passed into our keeping. And the other idea is that the flag was not made, once for all, by Betsy Ross and adopted by Congress as

the emblem of the nation, just as the Union Jack is the emblem of Great Britain and the tri-color the emblem of France, but that it is made new, *born again,* in each generation. This re-making is our chief business—all of us—in this world.

With these two ideas in mind, you are prepared to read President Wilson's address, delivered in Washington in June, 1915. Here are some of the things to look for as you read:

1. In the first place, notice what is said about thinking and speaking about the flag in terms of "vague sentiment." When Mr. Key wrote his hymn to the flag, it wasn't vague sentiment with him, for we have seen what a terrible experience is back of these words. (Mark this word *experience,* because Mr. Wilson will use it presently and you will wish to know what it means.) But *our* singing of these words may easily be mere vague sentiment, unless we are watchful. And when we read, or some one tells us in a Fourth of July oration, that "white is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice," it is vague sentiment for us so long as the purity, valor, and justice seem to us to be in the flag and not in our own lives. As Mr. Wilson puts it, it is the *experience,* that is, the actual living of men and women, that gives meaning to the flag.

2. Again, Mr. Wilson tells us more about this "living under the flag." Great men have expressed the meaning of America through what they have done and through what they have said for our guidance. By so doing, they "have coined our hearts into action or into words." Thus we see once more that "more than the flag is passing by." The heroic past has made the flag what it is.

3. But as we read on we notice that, after all, "the real experience and life of a nation lies with the great multitudes of unknown men," not with government officials and generals and orators and poets. What these ordinary and apparently unimportant people are and what they desire to be are the elements that give meaning to the flag. To put it in another way, the life of the nation is not in the politician, nor in the platforms of political parties, but in "that voiceless mass of men who merely go about their daily tasks." Thus the idea about "makers of the flag" is once more brought before us. "The work that we do is the making of the flag."

4. Finally, we learn why we celebrate the Fourth of July, but we are also reminded that "there are no days when we should be more patriotic than on other days," and at the end of the address the President asks us to wear the flag in our hearts. Thus it becomes the living flag.

FLAG DAY ADDRESS

WOODROW WILSON

I know of nothing more difficult than to render an adequate tribute to the emblem of our nation. For those of us who have shared that nation's life and felt the beat of its pulse it must be considered a matter of impossibility to express the great things which that emblem embodies. I venture to say that a great many things are said about the flag which very few people stop to analyze. For me the flag does not express a mere body of vague sentiment. The flag of the United States has not been created by rhetorical sentences in declarations of independence and

in bills of rights. It has been created by the experience of a great people, and nothing is written upon it that has not been written by their life. It is the embodiment, not of a sentiment, but of a history, and no man can rightly serve under that flag who has not caught some of the meaning of that history.

Experience, ladies and gentlemen, is made by men and women. National experience is the product of those who do the living under that flag. It is their living that has created its significance. You do not create the meaning of a national life by any literary exposition of it, but by the actual daily endeavors of a great people to do the tasks of the day and live up to the ideals of honesty and righteousness and just conduct. And as we think of these things, our tribute is to those men who have created this experience. Many of them are known by name to all the world, statesmen, soldiers, merchants, masters of industry, men of letters and of thought, who have coined our hearts into action or into words. Of these men we feel that they have shown us the way. They have not been afraid to go before. They have known that they were speaking the thoughts of a great people when they led that great people along the paths of achievement. There was not a single swashbuckler among them. They were men of sober, quiet thought, the more effective because there was no bluster in it. They were men who thought along the lines of duty, not along the lines of self-aggrandizement. They were men, in short, who thought of the people whom they served and not of themselves.

But while we think of these men and do honor to them as to those who have shown us the way, let us not forget

that the real experience and life of a nation lies with the great multitude of unknown men. It lies with those men whose names are never in the headlines of newspapers, those men who know the heat and pain and desperate loss of hope that sometimes comes in the great struggle of daily life; not the men who stand on the side and comment, not the men who merely try to interpret the great struggle, but the men who are engaged in the struggle. They constitute the body of the nation. This flag is the essence of their daily endeavors. This flag does not express any more than what they are and what they desire to be.

As I think of the life of this great nation it seems to me that we sometimes look in the wrong places for its sources. We look to the noisy places, where men are talking in the market place; we look to where men are expressing their individual opinions; we look to where partisans are expressing passions: instead of trying to attune our ears to that voiceless mass of men who merely go about their daily tasks, try to be honorable, try to serve the people they love, try to live worthy of the great communities to which they belong. These are the breath of the nation's nostrils; these are the sinews of its might.

How can any man presume to interpret the emblem of the United States, the emblem of what we would fain be among the family of nations, and find it incumbent upon us to be in the daily round of routine duty? This is Flag Day, but that only means that it is a day when we are to recall the things which we should do every day of our lives. There are no days of special patriotism. There are no days when we should be more patriotic than on other days. We celebrate the Fourth of July merely

because the great enterprise of liberty was started on the fourth of July in America, but the great enterprise of liberty was not begun in America. It is illustrated by the blood of thousands of martyrs who lived and died before the great experiment on this side of the water. The Fourth of July merely marks the day when we consecrated ourselves as a nation to this high thing which we pretend to serve. The benefit of a day like this is merely in turning away from the things that distract us, turning away from the things that touch us personally and absorb our interest in the hours of daily work. We remind ourselves of those things that are greater than we are, of those principles by which we believe our hearts to be elevated, of the more difficult things that we must undertake in these days of perplexity when a man's judgment is safest only when it follows the line of principle.

I am solemnized in the presence of such a day. I would not undertake to speak your thoughts. You must interpret them for me. But I do feel that back, not only of every public official, but of every man and woman of the United States, there marches that great host which has brought us to the present day; the host that has never forgotten the vision which it saw at the birth of the nation; the host which always responds to the dictates of humanity and of liberty; the host that will always constitute the strength and the great body of friends of every man who does his duty to the United States.

I am sorry that you do not wear a little flag of the Union every day instead of some days. I can only ask you, if you lose the physical emblem, to be sure that you wear it in your heart, and the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Is Mr. Wilson satisfied with thinking of the flag merely as the sign of patriotic sentiment?

2. What relations do you notice between the first paragraph and the poem by Mr. Bennett?

3. What relations between the second and third paragraphs and Mr. Lane's idea? Between these paragraphs and the poem by Walt Whitman?

4. Think carefully of the expression "coin our hearts into action or into words." Who are the ones "who have created this experience"? See if you can tell why both these expressions apply to America but would not apply to Germany. With the phrase "coin our hearts" compare what Mr. Wilson says, in the last paragraph, about wearing the flag in our hearts.

5. Think carefully of the meanings of the words "swash-buckler" and "self-aggrandizement." Find simpler words to express the same meaning. What two undemocratic ideals do they express? Make these wrong ideals clear by thinking of illustrations of them.

6. What better ideal of democracy is expressed in the third paragraph? Does democracy, then, mean merely the right to vote and to hold office? Does it mean being a Republican or a Democrat?

7. Explain what is meant by "there are no days of special patriotism."

8. Explain "the great enterprise of liberty was not begun in America." What other nations or peoples preceded? What other peoples are engaged in the enterprise today?

9. What is it to wear the flag in your heart?

10. In what sense is the heart of America now interpreting the heart of the world?

11. Write your answers to two of the questions given above.

VI. "MEN AND KINGS"

President Wilson has said that the American flag speaks to us of "a great plan of life worked out by a great people." Some of the principles on which this plan of life rests have been made clear in the selections you have read. The greatest of these is the idea of creating national ideals through the co-operative work and thought of the people. Each generation gives to the flag its significance.

The difference, then, between a plan of life such as that which we know here in America and the plan of life known in Germany is that the German citizen is told what he must think and what he must do. He is not expected to think for himself or to join with his fellows in building the kind of State they think is best. To put it in another way: in Germany the man belongs to the State, is the property of the State; in America government belongs to the people, who make the state what they desire it to be. In the one case "kings," that is over-lords, are supreme; in the other, "men" are supreme.

For a generation Germany prepared for war. Her people were taxed heavily to maintain great military and naval establishments, brought to the highest degree of efficiency. Her people were taught to expect war, to prepare for it, to want it. When the Prussian government thought the right time had come this vast machine was set in motion in an effort to crush free peoples everywhere. The result was suffering without parallel. Men were sacrificed to the evil ambitions of kings as in the old days when some Alexander, or Caesar, or Napoleon tried to form a world empire on the bones of thousands and millions of peasants.

In these awful days the heart of America went out in pity to all the sufferers. A Christmas ship filled with toys was sent to the unhappy children who were tortured and torn by the agony of war. A great commission, organized on a scale familiar only in the vast industrial and commercial enterprises of America, was formed to feed whole nations and to keep them from death. In such ways the American spirit of co-operation, of love and pity, of sympathy for the man as distinct from the king, was manifested. The burden of the sufferings of mankind was on American hearts.

An old prophet speaks of the coming of nations to the Valley of Decision, to meet a high test.

"Multitudes, multitudes in the Valley of Decision, for the Day of the Lord is near in the Valley of Decision. The sun and the moon are darkened, and the stars withdraw their shining."

Belgium, France, England, Italy, and their Allies, and now America, have all had to pass through this Valley. The trying days before it became clear that America must also enter the Great War were such a test. It was a period of preparation, not the kind of preparation that Germany had been making for forty years, but of testing the principles on which America is founded.

The flag was being made once more!

American thought during this period turned to the great words from Lincoln's Second Inaugural:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in—to bind up one another's

wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This sympathy, this desire to co-operate in constructive work for the benefit of men, this passion for peace, is one note in Mr. Lindsay's poem, "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight." To this is added the thought that men are once more subjected to frightful pain to gratify the lusts of kings, and the poem closes with the call for the deliverer who is to realize for the world "the shining hope of Europe free."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(In Springfield, Illinois)

VACHEL LINDSAY

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Worker's Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

VII. THE CALL TO THE COLORS

We now reach the crisis. The American Nation, in the Valley of Decision, makes its choice.

There is a close relation between the material you have studied in this book and the reasons that brought the United States into the war. To see this clearly, there is no better way than to study the address given by the President on Flag Day, 1917.

You will at once notice the relation of the sentence, "It (the flag) has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation"—to the matter previously studied. The flag is the symbol of a "great plan of life worked out by a great people." The question

proposed by the President for us to consider is whether the flag is now carried into battle for some new purpose, or for the "old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution."

The answer is found in the fact that "this is a People's War, a war for freedom and justice and self government amongst all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own."

This conclusion is reached through an analysis of the course adopted by the German government. In the first place, this course made it impossible for the United States to remain neutral, since spies and conspirators, connected directly with the German embassy at Washington or the Foreign Office at Berlin, tried to corrupt our citizens, to destroy our industries, and to cripple our commerce. This war of intrigue against the American people was further carried out through the plot to excite Mexico to take up arms against us, with financial support from Germany, possibly also with the help of Japan, in return for which Mexico was to receive her "lost provinces" of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. And the attack on the people of the United States reached a climax in the insolent refusal to permit our citizens to travel on the high seas, except on terms laid down by Germany. Such were the measures taken by Germany against the peace and safety of the United States at a time when outwardly the two nations were on friendly terms.

In the second place, the menace of Germany consists in the fact that her rulers do not regard nations as peoples

—men, women, children—but as organizations or units to be bought and sold and handled according to the designs of the Prussian government. Thus, the German scheme to build up a great empire in Mid-Europe, extending from Berlin to Bagdad, ignores differences in race, language, national ideals, and is an attempt to form an artificial empire held together only by fear of an immense military power. Thus, once more, the *peoples* of Europe are given no choice of government, no rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To put the whole plan in a single statement: Germany was already, before our entrance into the war, carrying on a war of intrigue designed to destroy democratic government in America, and was plotting also to overthrow forever any right of European nations to govern themselves. This is why the President said, in his War Message, that "the world must be made safe for democracy."

If such a plan should succeed, it would be necessary for the remaining free nations of the world, America included, to establish great military and naval forces, in expectation of a new war by which Germany would attempt to fasten her system upon the whole world. This would mean an end of political freedom everywhere.

In view of these things, the issue is clearly drawn. America has come to a "day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the world."

This is the Call to the Colors!

A PEOPLES' WAR

WOODROW WILSON

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us,—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of our men, the young, the strong, the capable men of the nation, to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away,—for what? For some unaccustomed thing? For something for which it has never sought the fire before? American armies were never before sent across the seas. Why are they sent now? For some new purpose, for which this great flag has never been carried before, or for some old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution?

These are questions which must be answered. We are Americans. We in our turn serve America, and can serve her with no private purpose. We must use her flag

as she has always used it. We are accountable at the bar of history and must plead in utter frankness what purpose it is we seek to serve.

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the imperial German government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf. When they found that they could not do that, their agents diligently spread sedition amongst us and sought to draw our own citizens from their allegiance,—and some of those agents were men connected with the official Embassy of the German government itself here in our own capital. They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce. They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into a hostile alliance with her,—and that, not by indirection, but by direct suggestion from the Foreign Office in Berlin. They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coasts of Europe. And many of our people were corrupted. Men began to look upon their own neighbors with suspicion and to wonder in their hot resentment and surprise whether there was any community in which hostile intrigue did not lurk. What great nation in such circumstances would not have taken up arms? Much as we had desired peace, it was

denied us and not of our own choice. This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand.

But that is only part of the story. We know now as clearly as we knew before we were ourselves engaged that we are not the enemies of the German people and that they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it; and we are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause, as they will some day see it, as well as our own. They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us. The whole world is at war because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free.

The war was begun by the military masters of Germany, who proved to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. These men have never regarded nations as peoples, men, women, and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments existed and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose. They have regarded the smaller states, in particular, and the peoples who could be overwhelmed by force, as their natural tools and instruments of domination. Their purpose has long been avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention; regarded what German professors expounded in their classrooms and German writers set forth to the world as the goal of

German policy as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than as the actual plans of responsible rulers; but the rulers of Germany themselves knew all the while what concrete plans, what well advanced intrigues lay back of what the professors and the writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of Balkan states with German princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey to drill her armies and make interest with her government, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt, setting their fires in Persia. The demands made by Austria upon Serbia were a mere single step in a plan which compassed Europe and Asia, from Berlin to Bagdad. They hoped those demands might not arouse Europe, but they meant to press them whether they did or not, for they thought themselves ready for the final issue of arms.

Their plan was to throw a broad belt of German military power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia; and Austria-Hungary was to be as much their tool and pawn as Serbia or Bulgaria or Turkey or the ponderous states of the East. Austria-Hungary, indeed, was to become part of the central German Empire, absorbed and dominated by the same forces and influences that had originally cemented the German states themselves. The dream had its heart at Berlin. It could have had a heart nowhere else! It rejected the idea of solidarity of race entirely. The choice of peoples played no part in it at all. It contemplated binding together racial and political units which could be kept together only by force,—Czechs, Magyars,

Croats, Serbs, Roumanians, Turks, Armenians,—the proud states of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans, the indomitable Turks, the subtile peoples of the East. These peoples did not wish to be united. They ardently desired to direct their own affairs, would be satisfied only by undisputed independence. They could be kept quiet only by the presence or the constant threat of armed men. They would live under a common power only by sheer compulsion and await the day of revolution. But the German military statesmen had reckoned with all that and were ready to deal with it in their own way.

And they have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution! Look how things stand. Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or upon the choice of its own people, but at Berlin's dictation ever since the war began. Its people now desire peace, but cannot have it until leave is granted from Berlin. The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single Power. Serbia is at its mercy, should its hands be but for a moment freed. Bulgaria has consented to its will, and Roumania is overrun. The Turkish armies, which Germans trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor at Constantinople remind Turkish statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take their orders from Berlin. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread.

Is it not easy to understand the eagerness for peace that has been manifested from Berlin ever since the snare was set and sprung? Peace, peace, peace has been the talk

of her Foreign Office for now a year and more; not peace upon her own initiative, but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. A little of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private. Through all sorts of channels it has come to me, and in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed which the German government would be willing to accept. That government has other valuable pawns in its hands besides those I have mentioned. It still holds a valuable part of France, though with slowly relaxing grasp, and practically the whole of Belgium. Its armies press close upon Russia and overrun Poland at their will. It cannot go further; it dare not go back. It wishes to close its bargain before it is too late and it has little left to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand.

The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point Fate has brought them. If they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power both abroad and at home will fall to pieces like a house of cards. It is their power at home they are thinking about now more than their power abroad. It is that power which is trembling under their very feet; and deep fear has entered their hearts. They have but one chance to perpetuate their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained, they will have justified themselves before the German people: they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it: an immense expansion of German power, an immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige

will be secure, and with their prestige their political power. If they fail, their people will thrust them aside; a government accountable to the people themselves will be set up in Germany as it has been in England, in the United States, in France, and in all the great countries of the modern time except Germany. If they succeed they are safe and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they succeed, America will fall within the menace. We and all the rest of the world must remain armed, as they will remain, and must make ready for the next step in their aggression; if they fail, the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union.

Do you not now understand the new intrigue, the intrigue for peace, and why the masters of Germany do not hesitate to use any agency that promises to effect their purpose, the deceit of the nations? Their present particular aim is to deceive all those who throughout the world stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations; for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and of liberalism are gathering out of this war. They are employing liberals in their enterprise. They are using men, in Germany and without, as their spokesmen whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction,—socialists, the leaders of labor, the thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. Let them once succeed and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military empire they will have set up; the revolutionists in Russia will be cut off from all succor or co-operation in western Europe and a counter revolution fostered and supported; Germany her-

self will lose her chance of freedom; and all Europe will arm for the next, the final struggle.

The sinister intrigue is being no less actively conducted in this country than in Russia and in every country in Europe to which the agents and dupes of the imperial German government can get access. That government has many spokesmen here, in places high and low. They have learned discretion. They keep within the law. It is opinion they utter now, not sedition. They proclaim the liberal purposes of their masters; declare this a foreign war which can touch America with no danger to either her lands or her institutions; set England at the center of the stage and talk of her ambition to assert economic dominion throughout the world; appeal to our ancient traditions of isolation in the politics of the nations; and seek to undermine the government with false professions of loyalty to its principles.

But they will make no headway. The false betray themselves always in every accent. It is only friends and partisans of the German government whom we have already identified who utter these thinly disguised disloyalties. The facts are patent to all the world, and nowhere are they more plainly seen than in the United States, where we are accustomed to deal with facts and not with sophistries; and the great fact that stands out above all the rest is that this is a Peoples' War, a war for freedom and justice and self-government amongst all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included; and that with us rests the choice to break through all these hypocrisies and patent cheats and masks of brute

force and help set the world free, or else stand aside and let it be dominated a long age through by sheer weight of arms and the arbitrary choices of self-constituted masters, by the nation which can maintain the biggest armies and the most irresistible armaments,—a power to which the world has afforded no parallel and in the face of which political freedom must wither and perish.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Call to mind as many illustrations from your previous reading as you can, to make clear the opening sentences of the address.

2. In what way does the first paragraph, with the theme that runs through the address ("This is a Peoples' War") answer the objection of some people that America should keep out of European affairs?

3. Some illustrations of the plots referred to in the third paragraph are the attempts to destroy the Welland Canal, to influence Congress through the use of a large sum of money, to destroy merchant vessels by means of bombs secreted in the coal, to foment trouble in Mexico. Advertisements were printed in our papers warning Americans not to sail in English and French ships. The famous Zimmermann note of January 19, 1917, proposed an alliance between Germany and Mexico to make war on

the United States. The climax of effrontery was reached in the German official *permission* to American passenger ships to continue their sailings, provided they went to Falmouth only, carried certain marks, sailed a certain defined course, and made only one trip a week each way.

4. In the fourth paragraph, proof of the statement that the German people did not "originate or desire this hideous war" is found in the fact that the German parliament, which is not truly representative of the people and has little power, was not officially notified of the mobilization of the army until several days after action had been taken by the authorities. Besides, in Prussia, the most powerful state in the empire, one rich man's vote may be equal to those of ten thousand laborers. There is no chance for the people to express their desires as in the United States. The German people are not "makers of the flag."

5. In the fifth paragraph the President refers to matters that are now well known. The *War Cyclopedia*, published by the Committee on Public Information, will supply any details that you wish to secure. The summary of the matter is that in Roumania, Albania, Bulgaria, and Greece, relatives of the Hohenzollerns were placed on the thrones; that Turkey was helped by German money and officers to organize a modern army; that a railway from Berlin to Bagdad was planned and almost completed under German control. Serbia was the only country in the path of the railway that was not connected in some way with the German royal family.

6. The plan referred to in the sixth paragraph is the so-called Mid-Europe, the nucleus of the proposed German world empire. Some of the nations to be swallowed by this monstrous plan are named by the President. You should identify them on the map. By means of this plot Russia would be made helpless even if not brought directly under German control. Events in Russia since the President spoke have shown how far the plan has progressed in that part of the world.

7. Find, by way of summary, the answer given by the President to the questions asked in the first paragraph. Write a paragraph of your own answering the questions.

VIII. THE RESPONSE

The Summons of the Drums

The following poem by Walt Whitman will tell you of the effect when a great nation is called from the pursuits of peace to those of war. It will help you to see in imagination what went on in America after the Declaration of War, April 6, 1917. President Wilson said, in his War Message of April 2, "It is a fearful thing to lead this great people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance."

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

WALT WHITMAN

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?

Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt
to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before
the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder
blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie
awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles
blow.

The Youth Replies

These lines from "Voluntaries," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, were written many years ago, about another crisis, but they seem to have been written for American youth of today:

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight,—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine

To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

The Spirit of America

These lines are also from Emerson's "Voluntaries." They are at once a benediction and a splendid interpretation of the heroism of the soldiers of democracy.

Best befriended of the God
He who, in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
Biding by his rule and choice,
Feeling only the fiery thread
Leading over heroic ground,
Walled with mortal terror round,
To the aim which him allures,
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before,—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

PART TWO

THE BUILDERS AND THEIR WORK

The government which now calls to the colors all its citizens is founded on ideas that have grown through many centuries. Americans celebrate the Fourth of July as their national birthday, and the year 1776 marks the beginning of our separate existence as a nation. But we study the history of our colonies back to 1607, when Jamestown was founded, and 1620, when Plymouth was founded, because their history is also a part of the history of the United States. And we realize that the Declaration of Independence did not, when it was adopted, establish the nation as we know it today; nor did the Revolutionary War, when it had been fought to the surrender at Yorktown; nor even the Constitution, when it had been ratified by the states. Our government has grown not only in the wealth and the power of its people, but in its expression of the will of the people who constitute it and are making it anew from year to year.

To get at the real beginnings of America, however, we must go much farther back than Plymouth and Jamestown. A thousand years before the voyage of Columbus, our ancestors were trying out a rude parliamentary system. The king and his chiefs, called *witan* or wise-men, discussed matters of government, while the people expressed approval or dissent. At the *shire-moot,* all freemen came together to vote on matters that concerned the county or shire. Even the village had its *tun-moot* (town-meeting), attended

by all freemen, who settled in it all matters of local dispute. In these meetings lay the beginnings of the English Parliament and of the American system of representative government. These men, back in the dim past, shadowy creatures whose names we know not, stern men and warriors who were trying, after a crude fashion, to work out ways by which men might co-operate with each other, were Builders of Democracy. We may learn all the facts about the slow growth of these rude assemblies of our ancestors into our present system of free government without really understanding what they mean. Constitutions and Declarations are dry and lifeless things until we see that they express ideas that men have counted part of their lives, ideas dearer than their lives. Some one has said that a book is not a mere block of paper on which words have been printed, but that it is, or ought to be, the very life-blood of the man who wrote it. It is so with our great charters of free government.

These charters, the names of which you will learn as you read their story, are the builders' plans for the great structure of Democracy. They are not the building. They are rules by which free men live together. Yet we get a wrong idea if we think of them as just written out by men, as we would write out a set of rules for a debating society. The rights that they set forth have been won at the cost of blood. Sometimes it has been through a long contest with cruel and selfish kings. Often it has been on hard fought battlefields. And one time the scene is laid in the dimly lighted cabin of a little ship filled with people who have for weeks battled with the terrors of an unknown sea, only to face new dangers of hunger and bitter cold while

they build their homes in the wilderness. But always these Builders have wrought their lives into that which they have built.

A soldier of France, in the present war, wrote to his mother that he would like to be "that workman who, though he knows that the scaffolding on which he stands will crumble without his being saved, nevertheless goes right on sculpturing the ornaments of the cathedral." It is in this spirit, through many human generations, that the Builders have wrought with their lives and then have made way for others to carry on the work.

The stories that follow will help you to fill out, in your imagination, this long record. These twelve chapters gather into a series of little pictures the great periods in the story of the Building. All sorts of men appear in these pictures: barons and lords in early England, peasants and laborers in the garb of simple men, bearded sailors on the Spanish Main, grave Puritans clad in black, ragged soldiers in our Continental Army—all sorts and conditions of men. But they speak the English tongue, though sometimes their words are hard for us to understand, and they have all helped in the Building.

The first story is in some ways a summary of them all. It tells of a hero who did what he could to make the world safe for his fellows. So he delivered the dwelling of men from the sudden terror that came in the night, and cleansed the seas so that they should be pure and free for the uses of men, and drove to his lair and slew the fiery monster that shot destruction from the clouds.

I.

HOW IN THE BEGINNING MEN MADE HOMES BY THE NORTHERN SEAS. HOW CRUEL MONSTERS CAME AGAINST THEM, DRINKING THEIR BLOOD, MAKING UNCLEAN THEIR SEAS, AND SENDING FIRE UPON THEM FROM ABOVE. AND HOW A CHAMPION ROSE UP TO DEFEND THEM.

The oldest English heroic poem tells how a brave warrior went to the rescue of a prince whose realm was ravaged by a terrible beast. The events of the story took place in Denmark and southern Sweden and the story is made up of incidents belonging to the sixth century or earlier, which became the subjects of ballads or songs. Later, in England, this material was woven into a splendid poem that expresses some of the deepest ideals of the English speaking peoples.

Beowulf, the hero of the poem, heard about a trouble that had come upon King Hrothgar through a dreadful beast, Grendel by name. As a result of the terror, the splendid hall that Hrothgar had built as a home for himself and his chieftains was left deserted. No way of conquering the monster could be devised; the people were powerless before its awful cruelty.

"That, in his distant home, learnt a warrior; he learnt the deeds of Grendel; he was of mankind strongest in might in the day of this life; he was of noble birth and of robust growth. He ordered a wave-traveler (a ship) to be prepared for him, said he would pass over the swan-road (the sea) and visit the gallant king, the illustrious ruler, inasmuch as he was in need of men."

With some carefully selected companions, Beowulf landed in Hrothgar's kingdom and offered his services. The king was overjoyed because a champion had come to

relieve him from his distress. After an evening spent in the great hall, the king and his companions departed, leaving Beowulf to await the coming of the monster.

BEOWULF AWAITS THE COMING OF GRENDEL

Then Hrothgar departed, the good prince,
out of the hall with his band of warriors;
But the chief of the Geats well trusted in
his own proud might and the Creator's favor.
He doffed from him then his iron coat of mail,
the helm from his head, and gave to a henchman
his sword enchased, choicest of irons,
bade him take charge of the gear of war.
Some words of pride then spake the good chief,
Beowulf the Geat, ere he mounted his bed:
"I count me no feebler in martial vigor
of warlike works than Grendel himself.
Therefore I will not, tho' easy it were,
with sword destroy him or lull him to rest.
'Tis a warfare he knows not—to strike against me
and hew my shield, renowned tho' he be
for hostile works; but we two tonight
shall do without sword, if he dare seek
war without weapon. And afterward God,
the wise, the holy, shall judge glory
to whichever hand it meet to him seemeth."
Then lay down the brave man,—the bolster received
the warrior's cheek; and around him many
a seaman keen reclined on his hall-couch.
Not one of them thought that he should thence
seek ever again the home he loved,
the folk or free burg where he was nurtured:
since first they had heard how far too many
folk of the Danes a bloody death
o'ertook in the wine-hall. But to them the Lord

gave victory, so that they all
by the might of one, by his single powers,
their foe overcame. Shown is it truly
that mighty God ruleth the race of men.

GRENDEL ENTERS THE GREAT HALL

Now in the murky night came stalking
the shadow-walker. All the warriors
who should defend that pinnacled mansion
slept, save one.
Then came Grendel: he bare God's anger.
The wicked spoiler thought to ensnare
many a man in the lofty hall.
He strode 'neath the clouds until the winehouse,
the gold-hall of men, he readily saw,
richly adorned. Nor was that time
the first that Hrothgar's home he had sought:
but ne'er in his life, before nor since,
found he a bolder man or warriors.

So then to the mansion the man bereft
of joys came journeying; soon with his hands
undid the door, tho' with forged bands fast;
the baleful-minded, angry, burst open
the mansion's mouth. Soon thereafter
the fiend was treading the glittering floor,
paced wroth of mood; from his eyes started
a horrid light, most like to flame.
He in the mansion saw warriors many,
a kindred band, together sleeping,
fellow-warriors. His spirit exulted.
The fell wretch expected that ere day came
he would take the life from the body
of each, for in him the hope had risen
of a gluttonous feast. Yet 'twas not his fate
that he might more of the race of men
eat after that night. The mighty chief

of the Geats watched how the wicked spoiler
would proceed with his sudden grasping.
Nor did the monster mean to delay;
for he at the first stroke quickly seized
a sleeping warrior, tore him unawares,
bit his bone-casings, drank his veins' blood,
in great morsels swallowed him. Soon had he
devoured all of the lifeless one,
feet and hands. He stepped up nearer,
took then with his hand the doughty-minded
warrior at rest; with his hand the foe
reached towards him. He instantly grappled
with the evil-minded, and on his arm rested.
Soon as the criminal realized
that in no other man of middle-earth,
of the world's regions, had he found
a stronger hand-grip, his mind grew fearful.
Yet not for that could he sooner escape.
He was bent on flight, would flee to his cavern,
the devil-pack seek; such chance had never
in all his life-days befallen before.
Then the great Beowulf remembered
his evening speech; upright he stood,
and firmly grasped him; his fingers yielded;
the giant was fleeing.
The famed one considered whether he might
more widely wheel and thence away
flee to his fen-mound;
'twas a dire journey the baleful spoiler made.
The princely hall thundered; terror was
on all the Danes, the city-dwellers,
each valiant one, while both the fierce
strong warriors raged; the mansion resounded.
There many a warrior
of Beowulf's drew his ancient sword;
they would defend the life of their lord,
of the great prince, if so they might.

Then he who before in mirth of mood
(he was God's foe) had perpetrated
many crimes 'gainst the race of men,
found that his body would not avail him,
for him the proud prince, Beowulf,
had in hand. The fell wretch suffered
bodily pain; a deadly wound
appeared on his shoulder, his sinews started,
his bone-casings burst. To Beowulf was
the war-glory given; Grendel must thence,
death-sick, under his fen-shelters flee,
seek a joyless dwelling; well he knew
that the end of his life was come, his appointed
number of days. For all the Danes,
that fierce fight done, was their wish accomplished.
So he then, the far-come, the wise and strong
of soul, had purified Hrothgar's hall,
saved it from malice; his night's work rejoiced him,
his valor-glories. The Geatish chieftain
had to the Danes his boast fulfilled,
had healed, to-wit, the preying sorrow
that they in that country before had suffered
and had to endure for hard necessity,
no small affliction. A manifest token
it was when the warrior laid down the hand—
arm and shoulder, Grendel's whole grappler
together there—'neath the vaulted roof.
Then in the morning, as I have heard tell,
there was many a warrior around the gift hall:
folk-chiefs came, from far and near,
o'er distant ways, the wonder to see,
the tracks of the foe. His taking from life
seemed not grievous to any warrior
who the inglorious one's trail beheld,—
how, weary in spirit, o'ercome in the conflict,
death-doomed and fleeing, he bare death-traces
thence away to the watersprites' sea.

There was the surge boiling with blood,
the dire swing of waves all commingled;
with clotted blood hot, with sword-gore it welled;
the death-doomed dyed it, when he joyless
laid down his life in his fen-asylum,
his heathen soul.

BEOWULF'S VICTORY IS CELEBRATED

Then was Beowulf's
glory celebrated. Many oft said
that south or north, between the seas
the wide world over, there was no other
'neath heaven's course who was a better
shield-bearer, or one more worthy of power.
Yet found they no fault with their lord beloved,
the joyful Hrothgar; he was their good king.

. . . .

Hrothgar spake (he to the hall went,
stood near the threshold, saw the steep roof
shining with gold, and Grendel's hand):
"Now for this sight, to the Almighty thanks!
May it quickly be given! Much ill have I borne,
Grendel's snares; ever can God work
wonder on wonder, the King of Glory.
Now this warrior,
through the might of the Lord, has done a deed
which we all together before could not
with cunning accomplish.
Now will I, O Beowulf,
best of warriors, even as a son,
love thee in my heart. Keep henceforth well
our kinship new; no lack shalt thou have
of worldly desires, wherein I have power.
Full often for less have I dealt a reward,
an honor-gift, to a feebler warrior,
weaker in conflict. Thou for thyself

hast wrought so well, that thy glory shall live
through every age. May the All-wielder
with good reward thee, as now He has done."
Beowulf spake, the great chieftain,
"We with great good will, that arduous work,
that fight, have achieved; we boldly ventured
in war with the monster. The more do I wish
that thou himself mightest have seen,
the foe in his trappings, full weary enough.
Him I quickly, with hard and fast fetters
on his death-bed thought to have bound,
that through my hand-grips low he should lie,
struggling for life, but his body escaped.
I was not able, the Lord did not will it,
to keep him from going; I held him not firm enough,
the deadly foe; too strong on his feet
the enemy was. Yet his hand he left,
for his life's safety, to guard his track,
his arm and shoulder; yet not thereby
did the wretched creature comfort obtain;
nor will he, crime-doer, the longer live
with sins oppressed. For pain has him
in its grip compelling straitly clasped,
in its deadly bonds; there shall he await,
the crime-stained wretch, the Final Doom,
as the Lord of Splendor shall mete it to him."

So Beowulf went to rescue Hrothgar, as in recent years England went to rescue Belgium, from the invasion of a beast that knew no law but cruelty and blood.

But the warfare was not over. The mother of Grendel, a beast even more terrible, dwelt on the bottom of the sea, or lake, whence she came to avenge her son's death. The warfare of Beowulf was now transferred from land to the depths of the sea. Hrothgar tells the hero about the new danger:

HROTHGAR SEEKS BEOWULF'S AID A SECOND TIME

"I have heard it said by the land-dwellers,
by my own subjects, my hall-counsellors,
that they have seen a pair of such
mighty march-stalkers holding the moors,
stranger-spirits, whereof the one,
so far as they could certainly know,
was in form of a woman; the other, accurst,
trod an exile's steps in the figure of man
(save that he huger than other men was),
whom in days of yore the dwellers on earth
Grendel named.
That secret land they dwell in, wolf-dens,
the perilous fen-path, where the mountain stream
downward flows 'neath the mists of the headlands,
the flood under earth. 'Tis not far thence,
a mile in measure, that the sea stands,
over which hang rustling groves;
a wood fast rooted the water o'ershadows.

"There every night may be seen a dire wonder,
fire in the flood. None so wise lives
of the children of men, who knows the bottom.
Although the heath-stepper, wearied by hounds,
the stag strong of horns, seek that wood,
driven from far, he will give up his life,
his breath, on the shore, ere he will venture
his head upon it. That is no pleasant place.
Again now is counsel
in thee alone! The spot thou yet know'st not,
the perilous place where thou may'st find
this sinful being. Seek if thou dare.
With riches will I for the strife reward thee,
with ancient treasures, as I did before,
with twisted gold, if thou comest off safe."

Beowulf spake, chief of the Geats:

"Sorrow not, sage man, 'tis better for each
to avenge his friend than greatly to mourn.

Each of us must an end await
of this world's life; let him work who can
high deeds ere death; that will be for the warrior,
when he is lifeless, afterwards best.
Rise, lord of the realm, let us quickly go
to see the course of Grendel's parent.
I promise thee, not to the sea shall she escape,
nor to earth's embrace, nor to mountain-wood,
nor to ocean's ground, go whither she will.
This day do thou endurance have
in every woe, as I expect of thee!"

Up leapt the old man then, thanked God,
the mighty Lord, for what the man said.
For Hrothgar then a horse was bridled,
a steed with curled mane. The ruler wise
in state went forth; a troop strode on,
bearing their shields. Tracks there were
along the forest paths widely seen,
her course o'er the ground.

Then overpassed these sons of nobles
deep rocky gorges, a narrow road,
strait lonely paths, an unknown way,
precipitous headlands, monster-dens many.
He went in advance, he and a few
of the wary men, to view the plain,
till suddenly he found mountain-trees
overhanging a hoary rock,
a joyless wood; there was water beneath.

Beowulf girt himself
in war-like weeds; for life he feared not;
his warrior-coat, woven by hands,
ample and inlaid, must tempt the deep;
it could well his body protect
that battle-grip might not scathe his breast,
the fierce one's wily grasp injure his life.
But the flashing helm guarded his head,
(which with the sea-bottom was to mingle

and seek the sea-surge) with jewels adorned,
encircled with chains, as in days of yore
the weapon-smith wrought it, wondrously framed,
set with swine-figures, so that thereafter
no brand nor war-sword ever could bite it.
Nor then was that least of powerful aids
which Hrothgar's warrior lent him at need:
Hrunting was named the hilted sword.
'Twas among the foremost of olden treasures;
its edge was iron, tainted with poison,
harden'd with warrior-blood; ne'er in battle
had it failed any of those that brandished it,
who durst to travel the ways of terror,
the perilous ways. 'Twas not the first time
that it a valorous deed should perform.
Beowulf spake, the great hero:
"Remember thou now, good man,
sagacious prince, now I am ready to go,
O gold-friend of men, the things we have spoken:
If I should lose my life for thy need,
that thou wouldst ever be to me,
when I am gone, in a father's stead.
Be a guardian thou to my fellow warriors,
to my near comrades, if war take me off.
Also the treasures which thou hast given me,
beloved Hrothgar, send to my King.
By that gold then may the lord of the Geats know,
when he looks on that treasure,
that I in man's virtue have found one pre-eminent,
a giver of rings, and rejoiced while I might.
And let him have the ancient relic,
the wondrous war-sword. I with Hrunting
will work me renown, or death shall take me."

BEOWULF'S VICTORY OVER GRENDEL'S MOTHER

After these words the great chieftain
with ardor hastened, nor any answer

would he await. The sea-wave received
the warrior-hero. It was a day's space
ere he the bottom could perceive.
Forthwith she found—she who the flood's course
had blood-thirsty held a hundred years,
grim and greedy—that a man from above
was there exploring the realm of strange creatures.
Then at him she grasped, the warrior seized
in her horrible claws. Notwithstanding she crushed not
his unhurt body; the ring-mail guarded him,
so that she might not pierce that war-dress,
the lock-linked coat, with her hostile fingers.
Then when the sea-wolf reached the bottom,
she bore to her dwelling the prince of rings
so that he might not, brave as he was,
his weapons wield; for many strange beings
in the deep oppressed him, many a sea-beast
with its battle tusks his war-shirt broke;
the wretches pursued him. Then the hero found
he was in he knew not what dread hall,
where him no water in aught could scathe,
nor because of the roof could the sudden grip
of the flood reach him; he saw a fire-light,
a brilliant beam brightly shining.
The hero perceived then the wolf of the deeps,
the mighty mother of Grendel; a powerful onslaught
he made with his sword,
so on her head the ringed weapon sang
a horrid war-song. The guest then discovered
how that the battle-beam would not bite,
would not scathe life, but that the edge failed
its lord at his need; previously had it endured
hand-conflicts many, slashed often the helm,
war-garb of the doomed; then was the first time
for the precious gift that its power failed.
Still was he resolute, slacked not his ardor,
of great deeds mindful was the great chieftain.

Flung he the twisted sword, curiously bound,
the angry champion, that stiff and steel-edged,
it lay on the earth; in his strength he trusted,
his powerful hand-grip. So shall man do,
when he in battle thinks of gaining
lasting praise, nor cares for his life.
    By the shoulder then seized he (heeded not her
        malice),
the lord of the war-Geats, Grendel's mother;
the fierce fighter hurled, incensed as he was,
the mortal foe, that she fell to the ground.
She quickly repaid him again in full
with her fierce grasps, and at him caught;
then stumbled he weary, of warriors the strongest,
the active champion, so that he fell.
She pressed down the hall-guest, and drew her dagger,
the broad gleaming blade,—would avenge her son,
her only child. On his shoulder lay
the braided breast-net which shielded his life
'gainst point, 'gainst edge, all entrance withstood.
    Then would have perished Beowulf
'neath the wide earth, champion of the Geats,
had not his war-coat help afforded,
his battle-net hard, and holy God
awarded the victory. The wise Lord,
Ruler of Heaven, with justice decided it
easily, when he again stood up.

At the time of his greatest need, Beowulf saw an old sword, one that the giants had used long ago. This he seized and with it dealt a blow so mighty that the monster sank in death. Then the sword, covered with battle-gore like bloody icicles, melted like ice when the Father relaxes the bands of the frost. Beowulf found the corpse of Grendel, and took back to the upper air the monster's head.

BEOWULF RETURNS TO HIS WARRIORS

He swam up through the water.
The ocean surges all were cleansed,
the dwellings vast, when the stranger guest
her life-days left and this fleeting existence.
Then came to land the sailor's protector
stoutly swimming, rejoiced in his sea-spoil,
the mighty burden of what he brought with him.
Then toward him they went, with thanks to God,
the stout band of thanes, rejoiced in their lord,
because they beheld him safe and sound.
From the vigorous chief both helm and coat of mail
were then soon loosed. The sea subsided—
the cloud-shadowed water with death-gore dappled.
Thence forth they went retracing their steps,
happy at heart, the high-way measured,
the well-known road. The nobly bold men
up from the sea-shore bore the head,
not without labor for each of them,
the mightily daring. Four undertook
with toil to bear on the battle-spear,
up to the gold-hall, the head of Grendel;
until straightway to the hall they came,
resolute, warlike, four and ten of them,
Geats all marching with their lord.
Proud amid the throng, he trod the meadows.
Then entering came the prince Beowulf,
the deed-strong man with glory honored,
the man bold in battle, Hrothgar to greet.
And into the hall, where men were feasting,
Grendel's head by the hair was borne,
a thing of terror to nobles and queen.

BEOWULF'S LAST ADVENTURE

There yet remains a third adventure. Beowulf became king, and ruled wisely his land for many years. Then one

day a new terror came upon the people. A dragon flew over the land, spurting forth live coals which set the cheerful farmsteads aflame; the flame-light flared aloft in defiance of men; the hostile air-flyer would leave nothing there alive, the rage of the foe was seen far and near, how the ravaging invader hated and ruined the people. After he had spread terror and destruction, he shot back to his dark mansion before the light of day. The poet tells us that he had encompassed the land folk with flame; he trusted in his mountain, his warcraft, and his rampart; that confidence deceived him.

Then Beowulf prepared him for battle, uprose the resolute warrior, stern under his helmet; he found out the dragon's lair. No man could endure the flame. The foe came upon him, curved like an arch, but the hero smote the spotted horror with his mighty sword, which was bent and broken by the monster's bony crust. Aided by a young hero who alone of all Beowulf's followers dared face the frightful fires, the king once more achieved victory, though he received his death wound in the combat. The youth upbraided those who had deserted their lord,—

> "Death is preferable, for every warrior, rather than
> a life of infamy."

The old story has for us strange attraction. No evil ambition spurred this first of our heroes on, no passion for conquest. It was to help make the world safe for those who must live in it. He drew his sword in behalf of men oppressed by cruelty and terror.

The monsters of the old tale suggest to us the evil

forces that appear from time to time among men, now in one form and now in another. Whenever they appear, men must overthrow them, no matter at what cost.

In a far-off time, while there was yet no England, men from whom we trace our descent told this tale of a hero. This hero met and conquered three monsters that fought through desire for blood and power and not according to the rules of honorable war. The first attacked through treachery a helpless people. The second made foul the sea. The third shot fire from the air upon the farmsteads, destroying homes and burning to death innocent people who had done him no wrong. In the destruction of Belgium, in the lawless and cruel submarine warfare, and in the Zeppelin raids over England, the old story becomes alive once more. The ideals held by English-speaking peoples today have a history that extends back through more than a thousand years.

II

HOW THE ENGLISH NATION WAS FORMED, AND HOW IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY A LAD WAS PREPARED FOR KNIGHTHOOD. OF THE CALL TO THE COLORS IN THOSE OLD DAYS, AND THE STORY OF THE GOOD KING ARTHUR, WHO WAS ONE OF THE BUILDERS.

"Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt.' "

—*Charles Kingsley.*

The story of Beowulf is made up of legends that clustered about the name of some northern hero who never lived in England. But his story became, as we have seen, repre-

sentative of English ideals in that period when the foundations of England were being laid.

The Northern tribes—Angles, Saxons, and others, who settled in England in the fifth and sixth centuries, drove back into the mountains of Wales the native Britons. These people, who were imaginative, brave, lovers of stories of magic and enchantment, had their own hero, King Arthur, who fought the Romans and also conquered the Saxon invaders in twelve great battles.

The British, or Welsh as they are known to us, still keep traces of their old language and traditions. In the sixteenth century a Welsh family, to which Henry VIII and the great Queen Elizabeth belonged, ruled England, and David Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain during the war, is a Welshman; that is, he is descended from the race to which King Arthur belonged.

The English race is the result of a combination of many races. We have already named some of the Northern tribes that conquered Britain. In 1066 the Normans came over from France and brought new elements into English blood and life. England and America are alike in their power to receive and to mould into one race men from very different nationalities. President Wilson recently delivered an address before representatives of thirty-three different nationalities, all of them good Americans now. Much of the strength of English and American character comes from the fact that English-speaking peoples unite the good qualities of many races.

So it happens that the story of King Arthur, a British hero of the sixth century, is also the product of many racial influences. From the twelfth century on, this story

grew from French and English sources until it came to portray the best ideals of the age of chivalry. In the fifteenth century many different legends about Arthur were woven into one story by Sir Thomas Malory. In the sixteenth century, the greatest poem of Queen Elizabeth's time, Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* made use of this material. And almost within our own time the story was told again by Alfred Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King.*

From all these sources we learn what chivalry was, and what an influence it had upon restoring order and peace in rude times, in bringing gentler manners among men, in developing a desire to right all wrongs and drive out evil customs, and in giving to women a higher place.

How a boy was trained for knighthood may be learned from the selection that follows.

HOW KNIGHTHOOD WAS WON

SAMUEL B. HARDING

At about seven years of age, a boy of high birth was usually sent away from home to be trained in the castle of some noble lord. There he spent some years in attendance upon the lord and lady of the castle, and was taught how to bear himself politely. When older, he attended his lord, learning to ride, to hunt, and to use the arms of nobility—the shield, the sword, and the lance. When skilled in these things, he became a "squire"; his duty thenceforth was to accompany his lord to the tournament or to battle, to help him put on his armor, to provide him with a fresh lance or a fresh horse in the combat, and in case of need to give him aid. After several years of such

service, having proved his skill and his courage, the young squire was ready to become a "knight."

Often the ceremony of conferring "knighthood" was not performed until the squire had "won his spurs" by some heroic deed. The highest ambition of the young man was to be knighted on the field of battle, as a reward for bravery. When this was done the ceremony was simple. Some famous knight would strike the kneeling youth upon the shoulder and say, "I dub thee knight."

The ordinary ceremony was much more elaborate. The first step in this was a bath, signifying purification. Then the squire put on garments of red, white, and black—*red,* for the blood he must shed in defense of the Church; *white,* for purity of mind; *black,* in memory of death, which comes to all. Then came "the vigil of arms" in the church, where he watched and prayed all night, either standing or kneeling before the altar, on which lay his sword. At daybreak the priest came, the squire confessed his sins, heard mass, and partook of the holy sacrament. Then perhaps he listened, with the other candidates for knighthood, to a sermon on the proud duties of a knight. Later in the morning he appeared before his lord, or some other well-known knight, and his spurs were fastened on his feet and his sword was girt about him. Then he knelt before his lord, and the latter gave him the "accolade"; that is, he struck the squire a blow upon the neck with his fist, or with the flat of his sword, and said:

"In the name of God, and Saint Michael, and Saint George, I dub thee knight. Be brave and loyal."

After this the new knight gave an exhibition of his skill in riding and in the use of weapons, and the day ended

with feasting and merry-making. As a true knight, he was expected to be loyal to his lord and to the Church, to be just and pure in his life, and to be kind to all in need of his help, especially to defenseless women.—From *The Story of England.*

But Arthur became one of the Builders not so much through his actual achievements as through the influence exerted for centuries by the legends that have gathered about him. Almost every great English poet has had something to say about Arthur. Of the many stories, two are given here.

The first shows how the young king was subjected to a severe test, and how he got his famous sword Excalibur.

THE FINDING OF EXCALIBUR[1]

Now when Arthur was first made King, as young knights will, he courted peril for its own sake, and often would he ride unattended by lonely forest ways, seeking the adventure that chance might send him. All unmindful was he of the ruin to his realm if mischief befell him; and even his trusty counsellors, though they grieved that he should thus imperil him, yet could not but love him the more for his hardihood.

So, on a day, he rode through the Forest Perilous where dwelt the Lady Annoure, a sorceress of great might, who used her magic powers but for the furtherance of her

[1]Taken, by permission, from the Elson Grammar School Reader, Book III.

own desires. And as she looked from a turret window, she descried King Arthur come riding down a forest glade, and the sunbeams falling upon him made one glory of his armor and of his yellow hair. Then, as Annoure gazed upon the King, she resolved that, come what might, she would have him for her own, to dwell with her always and fulfill all her behests. And so she bade lower the drawbridge and raise the portcullis, and sallying forth accompanied by her maidens, she gave King Arthur courteous salutation, and prayed him that he would rest within her castle that day, for that she had a petition to make to him; and Arthur, doubting nothing of her good faith, suffered himself to be led within.

Then was a great feast spread, and Annoure caused the King to be seated in a chair of state at her right hand, while squires and pages served him on bended knee. So when they had feasted, the King turned to the Lady Annoure and said courteously:

"Lady, somewhat ye said of a request that ye would make. If there be aught in which I may give pleasure to you, I pray you let me know it, and I will serve you as knightly as I may."

"In truth," said the lady, "there is that which I would fain entreat of you, most noble knight; yet suffer, I beseech you, that first I may show you somewhat of my castle and my estate, and then I crave a boon of your chivalry."

Then the sorceress led King Arthur from room to room of her castle, and ever each displayed greater store of beauty than the last. In some, the walls were hung with rich tapestries, in others they gleamed with precious stones; and the King marveled what might be the petition of one that

was mistress of such wealth. Lastly, Annoure brought the King out upon the battlements, and as he gazed around him, he saw that, since he had entered the castle, there had sprung up about it triple walls of defense that shut out wholly the forest from view. Then turned he to Annoure, and gravely said:

"Lady, greatly I marvel in what a simple knight may give pleasure to one that is mistress of so wondrous a castle as ye have shown me here; yet if there be aught in which I may render you knightly service, right gladly would I hear it now, for I must go forth upon my way to render service to those whose knight I am sworn."

"Nay, now, King Arthur," answered the sorceress mockingly, "ye may not deceive me! for well I know you, and that all Britain bows to your behest."

"The more reason then that I should ride forth to right wrong and succor them that, of their loyalty, render true obedience to their lord."

"Ye speak as a fool," said the sorceress; "why should one that may command be at the beck and call of every hind and slave within his realm? Nay, rest thee here with me, and I will make thee ruler of a richer land than Britain, and satisfy thy every desire."

"Lady," said the King sternly, "I will hear and judge of your petition here and now, and then will I go forth upon my way."

"Nay," said Annoure, "there needs not this harshness. I did but speak for thine advantage. Only vow thee to my service, and there is naught that thou canst desire that thou shalt not possess. Thou shalt be lord of this fair castle and of the mighty powers that obey me. Why waste thy youth in

hardship and in the service of such as shall render thee little enough again?"

Thereupon, without ever a word, the King turned him about and made for the turret stair by which he had ascended, but nowhere could he find it. Then said the sorceress, mocking him:

"Fair sir, how think ye to escape without my goodwill? See ye not the walls that guard my stronghold? And think ye that I have not servants enough to do my bidding?"

She clapped her hands and, forthwith, there appeared a company of squires who, at her command, seized the King and bore him away to a strong chamber where they locked him in.

And so the King abode that night, the prisoner of that evil sorceress, with little hope that day, when it dawned, should bring him better cheer. Yet lost he not courage, but kept watch and vigil the night through, lest the powers of evil should assail him unawares. And with the early morning light, Annoure came to visit him. More stately she seemed than the night before, more tall and more terrible; and her dress was one blaze of flashing gems so that scarce could the eye look upon her. As a queen might address a vassal, so greeted she the King, and as condescending to one of low estate, asked how he had fared that night. And the King made answer:

"I have kept vigil as behooves a knight who, knowing himself to be in the midst of danger, would bear himself meetly in any peril that should offer."

And the Lady Annoure, admiring his knightly courage, desired more earnestly even than before to win him to her will, and she said:

"Sir Arthur, I know well your courage and knightly fame, and greatly do I desire to keep you with me. Stay with me and I promise that ye shall bear sway over a wider realm than any that ye ever heard of, and I, even I, its mistress, will be at your command. And what lose ye if ye accept my offer? Little enough; for never think that ye shall win the world from evil and men to loyalty and truth."

Then answered the King in anger: "Full well I see that thou art in league with evil and that thou but seekest to turn me from my purpose. I defy thee, foul sorceress. Do thy worst; though thou slay me, thou shalt never sway me to thy will"; and therewith, the King raised his cross-hilted sword before her. Then the lady quailed at that sight. Her heart was filled with hate, but she said:

"Go your way, proud King of a petty realm. Rule well your race of miserable mortals, since it pleases you more than to bear sway over the powers of the air. I keep you not against your will."

With these words, she passed from the chamber, and the King heard her give command to her squires to set him without her gates, give him his horse, and suffer him to go on his way.

And so it came to pass that the King found himself once more at large, and marveled to have won so lightly to liberty. Yet knew he not the depths of treachery in the heart of Annoure; for when she found she might not prevail with the King, she bethought her how, by mortal means, she might bring the King to dishonor and death. And so, by her magic art, she caused the King to follow a path that brought him to a fountain, whereby a knight had his

tent, and, for the love of adventure, held the way against all comers. Now this knight was Sir Pellinore, and at that time, he had not his equal for strength and knightly skill, nor had any been found that might stand against him. So, as the King drew nigh, Pellinore cried:

"Stay, knight, for no one passes this way except he joust with me."

"That is not a good custom," said the King; "and it were well that ye followed it no more."

"It is my custom, and I will follow it still," answered Pellinore; "if ye like it not, amend it if ye can."

"I will do my endeavor," said Arthur, "but, as ye see, I have no spear."

"Nay, I seek not to have you at disadvantage," replied Pellinore, and bade his squire give Arthur a spear. Then they dressed their shields, laid their lances in rest, and rushed upon each other. Now the King was wearied by his night's vigil, and the strength of Pellinore was as the strength of three men; so, at the first encounter, Arthur was unhorsed. Then said he:

"I have lost the honor on horseback, but now will I encounter thee with my sword and on foot."

"I, too, will alight," said Pellinore; "small honor to me were it if I slew thee on foot, I being horsed the while." So they encountered each other on foot, and, so fiercely they fought that they hewed off great pieces of each other's armor and the ground was dyed with their blood. But at last, Arthur's sword broke off short at the hilt, and so he stood all defenseless before his foe.

"I have thee now," cried Pellinore; "yield thee as recreant or I will slay thee."

"That will I never," said the King, "slay me if thou canst."

Then he sprang on Pellinore, caught him by the middle, and flung him to the ground, himself falling with him. And Sir Pellinore marveled, for never before had he encountered so bold and resolute a foe; but exerting his great strength, he rolled himself over, and so brought Arthur beneath him. Then Arthur would have perished, but at that moment Merlin stood beside him, and when Sir Pellinore would have struck off the King's head, stayed his blow, crying:

"Pellinore, if thou slayest this knight, thou puttest the whole realm in peril; for this is none other than King Arthur himself."

Then was Pellinore filled with dread, and cried:

"Better make an end of him at once; for if I suffer him to live, what hope have I of his grace, that have dealt with him so sorely?"

But before Pellinore could strike, Merlin caused a deep sleep to come upon him; and raising King Arthur from the ground, he staunched his wounds and recovered him of his swoon.

But when the King came to himself, he saw his foe lie, still as in death, on the ground beside him; and he was grieved, and said:

"Merlin, what have ye done to this brave knight? Nay, if ye have slain him, I shall grieve my life long; for a good knight he is, bold and a fair fighter, though something wanting in knightly courtesy."

"He is in better case than ye are, Sir King, who so lightly imperil your person, and thereby your kingdom's welfare; and, as ye say, Pellinore is a stout knight, and hereafter

shall he serve you well. Have no fear. He shall wake again in three hours and have suffered naught by the encounter. But for you, it were well that ye came where ye might be tended for your wounds."

"Nay," replied the King, smiling, "I may not return to my court thus weaponless; first will I find means to possess me of a sword."

"That is easily done," answered Merlin; "follow me, and I will bring you where ye shall get you a sword, the wonder of the world."

So, though his wounds pained him sore, the King followed Merlin by many a forest path and glade, until they came upon a mere, bosomed deep in the forest; and as he looked thereon, the King beheld an arm, clothed in white samite, above the surface of the lake, and in the hand was a fair sword that gleamed in the level rays of the setting sun.

"This is a great marvel," said the King, "what may it mean?"

And Merlin made answer: "Deep is this mere, so deep indeed that no man may fathom it; but in its depths, and built upon the roots of the mountains, is the palace of the Lady of the Lake. Powerful is she with a power that works ever for good, and she shall help thee in thine hour of need."

Anon the damsel herself came unto Arthur and said: "Sir Arthur, King, yonder sword is mine and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it of you, ye shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask."

Then was Arthur aware of a little skiff, half hidden among the bulrushes that fringed the lake; and leaping

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of today unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm—

A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd

Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord,
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword.
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists of Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

III

HOW KINGS AND KNIGHTS WENT OVER ALL THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE, AND FORGOT THEIR OWN PEOPLE. AND HOW THE ENGLISH LORDS WRESTED FROM A CRUEL KING A GREAT PARCHMENT WHEREON WERE WRITTEN CERTAIN WONDERFUL THINGS. AND HOW, AT LAST, EARL SIMON BUILDED A PARLIAMENT.

But the ideals of chivalry, while they did much to refine and humanize men, were only individual. The knight wandered through all countries in search of adventure. King Richard I, "Richard of the Lion Heart" as he was called, spent little time in England. He was interested in tournaments, in poetry, in hunting, and in warfare. He went on a crusade, near the end of the twelfth century, to attempt to rescue the Holy Land from the Turks. On his way home, he was taken prisoner by the Emperor of Germany, where he was found by his minstrel, Blondel, who sang a song outside the prison and was answered by the King.

The poet Chaucer tells us about a "very perfect gentle knight" who had fought in many countries, heathen and Christian. He possessed the cardinal knightly virtues of truthfulness, sense of honor, generosity, and courtesy. He had fought in fifteen great battles, in Russia, Africa, Asia Minor, and Prussia, and had won high praise. Yet he was modest and unassuming, deserving of the respect that was shown him by the officers drawn from various nations, who desired him to sit at the head of the table.

Other knights sought strange adventures in strange lands —the pursuit of monsters, the rescue of ladies in distress, the combats known as "tournaments," at which knights in

mysterious armor jousted for victory—the "green knight," the "black knight," the "knight with the lion." And some of these knights became famous heroes in the long romances that delighted our ancestors—Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Perceval, Sir Gawain.

But in all this travel in search of adventure there was little spirit of nationality, little patriotism, little interest in working out plans by which large numbers of people, of every trade and profession, might live together. The knight had no country; his was the search for personal distinction.

Richard of the Lion Heart thought nothing of England except as a source from which he might get money for carrying on his projects in foreign lands. King John, his successor, thought of nothing but his own pleasure. He was cruel, extravagant, and cowardly. He lost the English possessions in France. He imprisoned innocent men, collected high taxes from the poor, seized lands to which he had no right.

These abuses drove the people to rebellion. The loss of their estates in France made the great lords regard their English possessions more highly. Common people and nobles, therefore, began to look for a way to lessen their burdens. Shakespeare tells a part of the story in a drama called *King John*. He shows how weak and cruel the king was. He shows, too, how a new patriotism was springing up in England. The one thing needful was for the nobles to cease their quarrels and to unite for the safety of England. One of them says:

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

So the lords came home from France, defied the efforts of the French king to add England to his domains, and turned their attention to the tyrant John.

With this in mind, let us look upon a strange and wonderful picture. It is a day in June in the year 1215, more than seven hundred years ago. We are near the river Thames. On one side are the fields of Runnymede, filled with the great barons of the realm, while in the background are serfs and attendants, yeomen and laborers, a field full of English folk. Across the river are the soldiers of King John. Midway of the stream is an island. Here the King, with a few attendants, is receiving the representatives of the barons. A long scroll of parchment is presented by a baron who falls on his knees before the monarch. King John seems to read the writing; in reality he sees nothing. It is a bitter day for him, for though he seems to sign the parchment graciously enough, and with a smile, in reality he is helpless. The barons have him in their power, and the parchment he signs is the great foundation of our liberties, the Magna Charta.

In this Charter the King agreed that, "No free man shall be taken, or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or banished, or in any way destroyed, nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him, except by the lawful judgment of his peers, and by the law of the land." "To no one will we sell—to no one will we deny—right or justice."

It was also provided that there should be no taxation without the consent of the Great Council. You will remember that taxation without representation was the chief complaint of the American colonies against the policy of the British government. It was for a right guaranteed to Englishmen since the Great Charter that the colonists fought in the American Revolution.

The barons who compelled King John to sign their charter were working not merely for their own benefit but for the benefit of all the people of England. They were *Builders of Democracy.*

The building process goes on slowly. It seems a simple thing to us that the people of a city like Boston or Chicago should have the right to send representatives to Congress, or that a man who saves his money and buys a house or store should be free from the fear that the government, or some official, may take it away from him. We take these things as matters of course, like good appetite or health. There's nothing wonderful about it that father talks politics now and then and votes for some one or other for mayor, or governor, or president.

But we should keep in mind two things: first, that these well-known forms of self-government have grown very slowly, through centuries; and, second, that our American institutions were born and had their earliest development in England.

The story is too long to be told here. How Earl Simon carried on the reforms suggested by the Great Charter, so that, as a poet of the time sang,

> "Now England breathes in the hope of liberty";

how he formed a real Parliament, in 1265, composed of representatives of the towns and counties as well as of the nobles; the merchant and the trader sitting in Parliament beside the knight of the shire, the baron, and the bishops,—these were stepping stones toward our American Congress.

IV

HOW BRAVE MEN ROSE UP IN SCOTLAND WITH THE FIRE OF LIBERTY BURNING IN THEIR HEARTS. AND OF THE BRAVE DEEDS OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

These beginnings of representative government applied only to England. Scotland was not represented in the government but was held as a dependent province; under Wallace and Bruce she strove for freedom. How men fought, in those early days of the fourteenth century, for free government, is told by Sir Walter Scott.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1314)

King Edward the Second, as we have already said, was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was influenced by unworthy favorites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father Edward the First would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army, before he had left Bruce time to conquer back so much of the country. But we have seen that, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful, though ambitious King, died when he was on the point of

marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterwards neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce when his force was small. But now when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the King that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward the First had made to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was therefore resolved that the King should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England possessed in France—many Irish, many Welsh—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparations which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave

and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply by address and stratagem what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very

many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the Church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds) made so gallant a show that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the twenty-third of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling

from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honor by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor and distinguished by a gold crown which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The King only kept

looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning, being the twenty-fourth of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise from the weight

of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor,

reminded the fugitive Sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions. As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English King was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude.

Robert Burns, who lived in Scotland at the time of the American revolution, was a poet who wrote much of liberty and of the rights of the common man. So he was greatly interested in the brave deeds of his ancestors who

had fought under Wallace and Bruce. One of his best poems is a great war song of liberty, called Bannockburn.

BANNOCKBURN

Robert Bruce's Address to His Army

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

These men, also, were *Builders of Democracy.*

V

HOW NO ONE THOUGHT OF THE POOR MAN, WHO WAS LITTLE BETTER THAN A SLAVE. OF A FAIR FIELD FULL OF FOLK, AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIED. AND HOW THE PEASANTS BELIEVED THEIR YOUNG KING, AND WERE GRIEVOUSLY DECEIVED BY HIM, SO THAT THEIR BUILDING WAS SEEMINGLY OF LITTLE AVAIL.

The building goes forward slowly. Thus far we have been concerned chiefly with the deeds of the nobles and the gentry. The knights of the shire and the burgesses from the cities were no true representatives of the wretched laborers who had no land, but were forced to work as slaves for the proprietors of estates. In the fourteenth century England was scourged by the terrible Black Death. More than half the population was swept away. More than fifty thousand corpses were buried in one cemetery in London. In Bristol the living were hardly able to bury their dead. So few laborers were left that the crops could not be gathered, and "the sheep and cattle strayed through the fields and corn."

Cruel laws were passed, compelling every man and woman who had no land "to serve the employer who shall require him to do so." No one was permitted to leave his parish in search of better pay, and the wages were the mere pittances paid before the coming of the Black Death. Grain was so scarce and cost so much that a day's labor would not purchase enough for the support of one person.

Once more we look upon an English meadow, "a fair field filled with folk." But in this picture the pomp and circumstance of barons and king are wanting. The hero of the scene is a poor English plowman. We learn of him

through a vision described by a poet of the fourteenth century. On a May morning, he tells us, he fell into a trance in which he saw a great concourse of people, not knights and their fair ladies alone, not kings and soldiers, but plowmen, who played little and toiled much, weavers and bondmen, pilgrims, friars, parish priests, minstrels, and beggars. Some there were who lived only for pleasure, clothing themselves in rich apparel. Others were idle, avoiding work, while still others worked hopelessly and without joy in the working. Many had gone on pilgrimages in search of forgiveness for their sins.

But the remarkable thing about this poet's vision of the fair field full of folk is that all these people are on a pilgrimage to find Saint Truth. They ask Piers Plowman if he knows where Truth may be found. "Yes," he says. "Wilt thou show us the way thither?" "Yes, when I have finished my plowing." Thus the poet praises thrift and industry, and rebukes idleness and wandering. He warns the knight not to mistreat the poor tenant, for perhaps in heaven the poor man may be more highly rewarded than he who lived in comfort on earth. But all must toil. Hunger is God's instrument to make men industrious. Labor is honorable. It is a vision of the Workers' earth.

The scene changes. Unable to bear their slavery, persecuted by a Parliament more cruel than the king, since it is an assembly of land owners and employers who wish to keep labor in subjection,—the peasants have risen against their tyrants. A hundred thousand men of Kent, led by Wat Tyler, are marching on London. The nobles and rich burghers are paralyzed by fear. King Richard is only a

boy, but he meets them bravely. A great historian, John Richard Green, tells us what went on.

THE KING AND THE PEASANTS

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

On the morning of the fourteenth, therefore, Richard rode from the Tower to Mile-end to meet the Essex men. "I am your King and Lord, good people," the boy began with a fearlessness which marked his bearing throughout the crisis, "What will you?" "We will that you free us forever," shouted the peasants, "us and our lands; and that we be never named nor held for serfs!" "I grant it," replied Richard; and he bade them go home, pledging himself at once to issue charters of freedom and amnesty. A shout of joy welcomed the promise. Throughout the day more than thirty clerks were busied writing letters of pardon and emancipation, and with these the mass of the Essex men and the men of Hertfordshire withdrew quietly to their homes.

But while the King was successful at Mile-end a terrible doom had fallen on the counsellors he left behind him. Richard had hardly quitted the Tower when the Kentishmen who had spent the night within the city appeared at its gates. The general terror was shown ludicrously enough when they burst in and taking the panic-stricken knights of the royal household in rough horseplay by the beard, promised to be their equals and good comrades in the days to come. But the horseplay changed into dreadful earnest when they found that Richard had escaped their grasp, and the discovery of Archbishop Sudbury and other minis-

ters in the chapel changed their fury into a cry for blood. The Primate was dragged from his sanctuary and beheaded. The same vengeance was wreaked on the Treasurer and the Chief Commissioner for the levy of the hated poll-tax, the merchant Richard Lyons, who had been impeached by the Good Parliament.

Richard meanwhile had ridden round the northern wall of the city to the Wardrobe near Blackfriars, and from this new refuge he opened his negotiations with the Kentish insurgents. Many of these dispersed at the news of the King's pledge to the men of Essex, but a body of thirty thousand still surrounded Wat Tyler when Richard on the morning of the fifteenth encountered that leader by a mere chance at Smithfield. Hot words passed between his train and the peasant chieftain, who advanced to confer with the King, and a threat from Tyler brought on a brief struggle in which the Mayor of London, William Walworth, struck him with his dagger to the ground. "Kill! Kill!" shouted the crowd, "they have slain our captain!" But Richard faced the Kentishmen with the same cool courage with which he faced the men of Essex. "What need ye, my masters!" cried the boy-king as he rode boldly up to the front of the bowmen. "I am your Captain and your King; follow me!"

The hopes of the peasants centered in the young sovereign; one aim of their rising had been to free him from the evil counsellors who, as they believed, abused his youth; and at his word they followed him with a touching loyalty and trust till he entered the Tower. His mother welcomed him within its walls with tears of joy. "Rejoice and praise God," Richard answered, "for I have recovered today my

heritage which was lost and the realm of England!" But he was compelled to give the same pledge of freedom to the Kentishmen as at Mile-end, and it was only after receiving his letters of pardon and emancipation that the yeomen dispersed to their homes.

THE PEASANTS AND THEIR KING

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

A scene less violent, but even more picturesque, went on the same day at St. Alban's. William Grindecobbe, the leader of its townsmen, returned with one of the charters of emancipation which Richard had granted after his interview at Mile-end to the men of Essex and Hertfordshire, and breaking into the abbey precincts at the head of the burghers, forced the abbot to deliver up the charters which bound the town in bondage to his house. But a more striking proof of servitude than any charters could give remained in the mill-stones which after a long suit at law had been adjudged to the abbey and placed within its cloister as a triumphant witness that no townsman might grind corn within the domain of the abbey save at the abbot's mill. Bursting into the cloister, the burghers now tore the mill-stones from the floor, and broke them into small pieces, "like blessed bread in church," which each might carry off to show something of the day when their freedom was won again.

But it was hardly won when it was lost anew. The quiet withdrawal and dispersion of the peasant armies with their charters of emancipation gave courage to the nobles. Their panic passed away. The warlike Bishop of Norwich fell

lance in hand on Litster's camp, and scattered the peasants of Norfolk at the first shock. Richard with an army of forty thousand men marched in triumph through Kent and Essex, and spread terror by the ruthlessness of his executions. At Waltham he was met by the display of his own recent charters and a protest from the Essex men that "they were so far as freedom went the peers of their lords." But they were to learn the worth of a king's word. "Villeins you were," answered Richard, "and villeins you are. In bondage you shall abide, and that not your old bondage, but a worse!"

The stubborn resistance which he met showed that the temper of the people was not easily broken. The villagers of Billericay threw themselves into the woods and fought two hard fights before they were reduced to submission. It was only by threats of death that verdicts of guilty could be wrung from Essex jurors when the leaders of the revolt were brought before them. Grindecobbe was offered his life if he would persuade his followers at St. Alban's to restore the charters they had wrung from the monks. He turned bravely to his fellow-townsmen and bade them take no thought for his trouble. "If I die," he said, "I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do then today as you would have done had I been killed yesterday." But repression went pitilessly on, and through the summer and the autumn seven thousand men are said to have perished on the gallows or the field.

These, also, were *Builders of Democracy.*

VI

HOW A NEW WORLD WAS DISCOVERED ACROSS THE WESTERN SEAS. HOW BRAVE MEN SAILED TO SPY OUT THE LAND, AND WHAT THEY FOUND. AND HOW A WICKED KING DREAMED OF A WORLD EMPIRE WITH ALL MEN HIS SUBJECTS. AND OF HIS GREAT FLEET WHICH WAS DESTROYED AS BEOWULF DESTROYED THE SEA MONSTER. IN SUCH WISE THE ENGLISH BECAME WARRIORS OF THE SEA.

Once more the scene changes. A new world is discovered. In 1492 Columbus sails into the Western Ocean, far beyond the Pillars of Hercules, beyond the place where the ancients believed the Gardens of the Hesperides lay with their enchanted paradise, to a land that promised gold and adventure in plenty. The Greeks had legends that hinted of such a land. In a poem about Ulysses, Alfred Tennyson imagines the old hero dreaming of such a land, and gives to him the courage and longing for adventure that one day was to guide Columbus.

ULYSSES

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all,—
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things: and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me,—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

In this spirit Columbus, not old but filled with the enthusiasm of youth, sailed beyond the Azores into the dread sea whose mysteries civilized man had never explored. An American poet, Joaquin Miller, tells the story in such a way as to show the courage of the great discoverer and to bring out what he calls "the grandest lesson" the New World has to teach mankind.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For, lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
  He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
He curls his lips, he lies in wait
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

In the sixteenth century the New World became indeed an enchanted garden, bringing evil and good to men. Philip of Spain built a mighty empire on the blood of the natives of South American countries. His frightful cruelties in Mexico and Peru developed from a lust of gold and power that made him the greatest peril to freedom that Europe had ever seen. England, slower to act, found new fishing grounds, sought a short route to the Indies, caught the vision at last of the new England beyond the seas. For more than four hundred years America, in one way or another, has had a profound influence on Europe.

So new sea-lanes are opened across the Western Ocean. Columbus and the Cabots are followed by many others. Treasure ships filled with wealth of kings brave the storms. As they near the Azores great galleons meet them to convoy them safe to harbor. Philip of Spain has vast ambitions. Cortes and Pizarro have conquered for him Mexico and Peru, strange new lands whence come gold and silver and jewels. Besides the Spanish realm, Philip also rules a large part of Italy, rich and productive lands. He rules the Low Countries—Europe's manufacturing centers in Flanders, and Antwerp, the greatest commercial port of the world. He has a great and formidable navy, and the

best trained army in Europe. He is an absolute ruler, making war at his own pleasure, working out steadily a great scheme of conquest that was to make the Spanish Empire dominate all Mid-Europe, to impose the Spanish *Kultur* upon all nations, to put down forever the spirit of free inquiry and free thought characteristic especially of France and England.

His policy is Frightfulness. Through the Inquisition, a court of injustice and torture, he finds an instrument which the Philip of our time has found in the submarine and the Zeppelin. He boasts of his alliance with God. He would reduce the remainder of Italy to submission, would command all shores of the Mediterranean, would crush Protestantism in Germany and in France, would above all crush England, the deadly enemy, then as now, of absolute tyranny. A monstrous egotism, a cold-blooded cruelty, a vast hunger for power and dominion make him one of those incarnations of evil that from time to time come upon mankind like a fearful tornado, a deadly flame as from the dragon against which Beowulf fought. Only once more, in all the history of the world, has the ugly fiend of tyranny gathered so much dreadful power for assault on the slowly developed spirit of free government. Then, as in this later time, free England was the great champion, the Beowulf of the vast struggle.

For the sea-ways, as the sixteenth century is growing old, see other ships than Spanish galleons. In 1576 Martin Frobisher explores the coast of Labrador. The "sea-dogs" of Devon harry the Spanish ships and take their treasure. In 1577 Francis Drake sails away in a little ship on one of

the most daring ventures recorded in history. One ship and eighty men, but what a voyage! Through the Straits of Magellan he sails, up the coast of Chili and Peru, where he loads his frail bark with gold dust and ingots of silver, with pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, and then bravely away across a new sea to the Cape of Good Hope, and in three years, after a voyage around the globe, drops anchor in English Plymouth. Humphrey Gilbert in 1578 receives a patent for colonizing "any remote barbarous and heathen lands not possessed by any Christian prince or people," and from 1584 to 1589 Walter Raleigh makes several unsuccessful attempts to establish English colonies in North Carolina. These men are heroes of a new chivalry, knights errant of the sea. They war on Philip's treasure ships. They bring back thrilling stories about strange lands and peoples. Every fireside in England delights in these stories of adventure; Beowulf and King Arthur's knights are forgotten in the light shining from these new stars in the firmament.

England at peace, well governed, prosperous. Opportunities for advancement,—a shoemaker may become Lord Mayor of London. A sense of national unity never before experienced. Freedom of thought stimulated by an enormous increase in printing; a great new literature, and a drama that set before the people the past history of the nation.

You are in an Elizabethan theater where one of these history plays, by William Shakespeare, is being presented. All around are the English folk, whom you saw at Runnymede or in Piers Plowman's Vision,—knights and

fair ladies, weavers, tradesmen, travelers in strange costumes brought from Italy, poets and musicians, university students and lawyers from the Inns of Court. And you see on the stage an old man who is dying. It is John of Gaunt, telling his vision of the England that was unknown in his time, but which you know has come into being in these happy days under Good Queen Bess.

And your heart beats fast as you listen to those glorious words, and when the old man has finished and sinks back upon his couch to die, your cheers ring out with those of your neighbors, in praise of England:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of War,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!"

Once more the scene changes. Philip is more powerful now. Since 1580 the realm of Portugal has been added to his vast domain. A navy almost as large as his own has been gained; a vast colonial empire in Africa, in India, and among the Islands of the South Seas. Thus far, only the little provinces of the Netherlands, strangely anticipating the heroic Belgium of 1914, have dared to brave the terror of the monster. The cruel butcher Alva tortured and murdered their bodies, but to conquer their souls was

as impossible for him as for his successor of the twentieth century.

Slowly the stage is set for a gigantic drama. England is to be drawn in. Philip sees in that free country his chief antagonist. Raleigh, the shepherd of the Ocean, and his contemporaries promise to dispute Philip's dominion in the New World, and they are gaining the skill in sea-warfare that in time is to make England mistress of the seas. Leicester and Sidney lead an English expedition to the succor of the hard-pressed Low countries. Mary of Scotland, the unhappy Queen whom Philip had used in his attempts to remove Elizabeth and so get England under his control, is executed in 1587. At last Philip must try his strength against England. The Great Armada is prepared to execute his will. Here is the story, as the historian John Richard Green tells it.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

As the Armada sailed on in a broad crescent past Plymouth, the vessels which had gathered under Lord Howard of Effingham slipped out of the bay and hung with the wind upon their rear. In numbers the two forces were strangely unequal, for the English fleet counted only eighty vessels against one hundred and thirty-two, which composed the Armada. In size of ships the disproportion was even greater. Fifty of the English vessels, including the squadron of the Lord Admiral and the craft of the volunteers, were little bigger than yachts of the present day. Even of the thirty Queen's ships which formed its main body, there were but four which equaled in tonnage the smallest

of the Spanish galleons. Sixty-five of these galleons formed the most formidable half of the Spanish fleet; and four galleasses, or gigantic galleys, armed with fifty guns apiece, fifty-six armed merchantmen, and twenty pinnaces made up the rest. The Armada was provided with 2,500 cannons, and a vast store of provisions; it had on board 8,000 seamen and more than 20,000 soldiers; and if a court-favorite, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, had been placed at its head, he was supported by the ablest staff of naval officers which Spain possessed.

Small, however, as the English ships were, they were in perfect trim; they sailed two feet for the Spaniards' one, they were manned with 9,000 hardy seamen, and their Admiral was backed by a crowd of captains who had won fame in the Spanish seas. With him was Hawkins, who had been the first to break into the charmed circle of the Indies; Frobisher, the hero of the North-West passage; and above all Drake, who held command of the privateers. They had won too the advantage of the wind; and, closing in or drawing off as they would, the lightly-handled English vessels, which fired four shots to the Spaniards' one, hung boldly on the rear of the great fleet as it moved along the Channel. "The feathers of the Spaniard," in the phrase of the English seamen, were "plucked one by one." Galleon after galleon was sunk, boarded, driven on shore; and yet Medina Sidonia failed in bringing his pursuers to a close engagement. Now halting, now moving slowly on, the running fight between the two fleets lasted throughout the week, till on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of July, the Armada dropped anchor in Calais roads. The time had come for sharper work if the junction of the Armada with

Parma was to be prevented; for, demoralized as the Spaniards had been by the merciless chase, their loss in ships had not been great, and their appearance off Dunkirk might drive off the ships of the Hollanders who hindered the sailing of the Duke.

On the other hand, though the numbers of English ships had grown, their supplies of food and ammunition were fast running out. Howard therefore resolved to force an engagement; and, lighting eight fire ships at midnight, sent them down with the tide upon the Spanish line. The galleons at once cut their cables, and stood out in panic to sea, drifting with the wind in a long line off Gravelines. Drake resolved at all costs to prevent their return. At dawn on the twenty-ninth the English ships closed fairly in, and almost their last cartridge was spent ere the sun went down.

Hard as the fight had been, it seemed far from a decisive one. Three great galleons indeed had sunk in the engagement, three had drifted helplessly on to the Flemish coast, but the bulk of the Spanish vessels remained, and even to Drake the fleet seemed "wonderful great and strong." Within the Armada itself, however, all hope was gone. Huddled together by the wind and the deadly English fire, their sails torn, their masts shot away, the crowded galleons had become mere slaughter-houses. Four thousand men had fallen, and bravely as the seamen fought, they were cowed by the terrible butchery. Medina himself was in despair. "We are lost, Señor Oquenda," he cried to his bravest captain; "what are we to do?" "Let others talk of being lost," replied Oquenda, "your Excellency has only to order up fresh cartridge." But Oquenda stood alone, and a council of war resolved on retreat to Spain by the

one course open, that of a circuit round the Orkneys. "Never anything pleased me better," wrote Drake, "than seeing the enemy fly with a southerly wind to the northwards. Have a good eye to the Prince of Parma, for, with the grace of God, I doubt not ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange trees."

But the work of destruction was reserved for a mightier foe than Drake. The English vessels were soon forced to give up the chase by the running out of their supplies. But the Spanish ships had no sooner reached the Orkneys than the storms of the northern seas broke on them with a fury before which all concert and union disappeared. In October fifty reached Corunna, bearing ten thousand men stricken with pestilence and death. Of the rest some were sunk, some dashed to pieces against the Irish cliffs. The wreckers of the Orkneys and the Faroes, the clansmen of the Scottish Isles, the kernes of Donegal and Galway, all had their part in the work of murder and robbery. Eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets. On a strand near Sligo an English captain numbered eleven hundred corpses which had been cast up by the sea. The flower of the Spanish nobility, who had been sent on the new crusade under Alonzo da Leyva, after twice suffering shipwreck, put a third time to sea to founder on a reef near Dunluce.

"I sent my ships against men," said Philip when the news reached him, "not against the seas." It was in nobler tone that England owned her debt to the storm that drove the Armada to its doom. On the medal that commemorated its triumph were graven the words, "The Lord sent his

wind, and scattered them." The pride of the conquerors was hushed before their sense of a mighty deliverance. It was not till England saw the broken host "fly with a southerly wind to the north" that she knew what a weight of fear she had borne for thirty years.

The victory over the Armada, the deliverance from Spain, the rolling away of the terror which had hung like a cloud over the hopes of the new people, was like a passing from death into life. Within as without, the dark sky suddenly cleared. The national unity proved stronger than the religious strife. When the Catholic lords flocked to the camp at Tilbury, or put off to join the fleet in the Channel, Elizabeth could pride herself on a victory as great as the victory over the Armada. "Let tyrants fear," she exclaimed in words that still ring like the sound of a trumpet, as she appeared among her soldiers. "Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects! And therefore I am come among you, as you see, resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live and die amongst you all."

These, also, were *Builders of Democracy.*

With the defeat of the Armada England became at once a great power. In the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign European statesmen thought of her as doomed to be a dependency of Spain or of France. But now the control of the seas passed to England. Merchants and nobles fitted out privateers that brought galleons and treasure ships to

English harbors. A group of trading vessels defeated a larger group of Spanish war-galleys at Gibraltar. Even more daring was the exploit of Sir Richard Grenville, who commanded the *Revenge* at the Azores in 1591. The *Revenge* was one of a small company of English vessels surprised by a fleet of Spanish warships. A brilliant account of the battle was written by no less a person than Sir Walter Raleigh, named above as one of the great Elizabethan seamen.

Lord Bacon, himself one of the greatest statesmen of the time, spoke of the last fight of the *Revenge* as "a defeat exceeding a victory, memorable even beyond credit and to the height of some heroical fable." According to another contemporary account, Sir Richard was visited, before his death, by many Spanish captains and gentlemen, who "wondered at his courage and stout heart, for that he showed not any sign of faintness nor changing of color. But feeling the hour of death to approach, he spoke these words in Spanish, and said: 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor, whereby my soul most joyful departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' "

This "everlasting fame" in which the dying hero found recompense for his devotion to duty has become reality. The last fight of the *Revenge* has become a glorious tradition in naval warfare, and one of the greatest English poets, Alfred Tennyson, has made it the theme of a stirring poem.

THE REVENGE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no
coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below:
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a
cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and
went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the
summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built gal-
leons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thun-
der and flame:
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could
fight no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife:
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken and bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep.
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island
crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

The spirit of the old Vikings, bold sea-rovers from the Northland, was in these Elizabethan seamen. England's love of the sea, in fact, is an inheritance from the peoples to which Beowulf belonged, ancestors of Drake and Raleigh and Gilbert.

The selection that follows shows us something of this heroic spirit. Mr. Mackay's poem is about such a hero as Beowulf was.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL

CHARLES MACKAY

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the sea-king to his men;
"I shall never sail the seas
As a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, O raise me from the bed;
Put the crown upon my head;
Put my good sword in my hand,
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily;

If I cannot end my life
In the crimsoned battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea."

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the north—
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold, refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And his snowy sails displayed
To the favoring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying, *"King of mighty men,*
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea."

Underneath him in the hold
  They have placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
  As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships.
There was music in her sail
As it swelled before the gale,
And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
          Scudding free;
  As on many a battle morn
  In her time she had been borne,
To struggle and to conquer
          On the sea.

And the king, with sudden strength,
  Started up and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff
  And his robe around his neck.
Once alone, he raised his hand
To the people on the land;
And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud, exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
          Fresh and free;
  And ere yet an hour had passed,
  He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path
          On the sea.

"So blow, ye tempests, blow,
  And my spirit shall not quail:
I have fought with many a foe,
  I have weathered many a gale;

And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;—
To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

"So blow, ye stormy winds—
And, ye flames, ascend on high;—
In the easy, idle bed
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel;
Happy, happy, thus I'd yield,
On the deck or in the field,
My last breath, shouting, 'On
To victory.'
But since this has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea."

And Balder spoke no more,
And no sound escaped his lip;—
Neither recked he of the roar,
The destruction of his ship,
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;
Scarcely heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timber crash:
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,

Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet
With the flames on every side.
"I am coming!" said the king,
"Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto Thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore—
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea."

AN ELIZABETHAN SEAMAN

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbors in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their

half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream, in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships that thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor-boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbors, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh.

In 1585 John Davis left Dartmouth on his first voyage into the Polar Seas; and twice subsequently he went again, venturing in small, ill-equipped vessels of thirty or forty tons into the most dangerous seas. These voyages were as remarkable for their success as for the daring with which they were accomplished, and Davis's epitaph is written on the map of the world, where his name still remains to commemorate his discoveries. Brave as he was, he is distinguished by a peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature, which, from many little facts of his life, seems to have affected every one with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree. We find men, for the love of Master Davis, leaving their firesides to sail with him, without other hope or notion; we find silver bullets cast to shoot him in a

mutiny; the hard, rude natures of the mutineers being awed by something in his carriage which was not like that of a common man. He has written the account of one of his northern voyages himself; and there is an imaginative beauty in it, and a rich delicacy of expression, which is called out in him by the first sight of strange lands and things and people.

We have only space to tell something of the conclusion of his voyage north. In latitude sixty-three degrees, he fell in with a barrier of ice, which he coasted for thirteen days without finding an opening. The very sight of an iceberg was new to all his crew; and the ropes and shrouds, though it was midsummer, becoming encompassed with ice,—

"The people began to fall sick and faint-hearted—whereupon, very orderly, and with good discretion, they entreated me to regard safety of mine own life, as well as the preservation of theirs; and that I should not, through over-boldness, leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses.

"Whereupon, seeking counsel of God, it pleased His Divine Majesty to move my heart to prosecute that which I hope shall be to His glory and to the contentation of every Christian mind."

He had two vessels—one of some burden, the other a pinnace of thirty tons. The result of the counsel which he had sought was, that he made over his own large vessel to such as wished to return, and himself, "thinking it better to die with honor than to return with infamy," went on with such volunteers as would follow him, in a poor leaky cutter, up the sea now in commemoration of that adventure called Davis Strait. He ascended four degrees north of

the furthest known point, among storms and icebergs, when the long days and twilight nights alone saved him from being destroyed, and, coasting back along the American shore, he discovered Hudson Strait, supposed then to be the long desired entrance into the Pacific. This exploit drew the attention of Walsingham, and by him Davis was presented to Burleigh, "who was also pleased to show him great encouragement." If either these statesmen or Elizabeth had been twenty years younger, his name would have filled a larger space in history than a small corner of the map of the world; but, if he was employed at all in the last years of the century, no historian has been found to celebrate his work, and no clew is left to guide us. He disappears; a cloud falls over him. He is known to have commanded trading vessels in the Eastern seas, and to have returned five times from India. But the details are all lost, and accident has only parted the clouds for a moment to show us the mournful setting with which he, too, went down upon the sea.

In taking out Sir Edward Michellthorne to India, in 1604, he fell in with a crew of Japanese, whose ship had been burnt, drifting at sea, without provisions, in a leaky junk. He supposed them to be pirates, but he did not choose to leave them to so wretched a death, and took them on board; and in a few hours, watching their opportunity, they murdered him.

As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference; it was the chance of the sea, and the ill reward of a humane action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambuscade.

But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few of them laid their bones in the sepulchers of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not labored. Life with them was no summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome. Beautiful is old age—beautiful is the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, Nature has fulfilled her work; she leads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side of the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given them to drink. And so it was with the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men; and it was enough for them to fulfill their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do.

More than two hundred years after Sir Richard Grenville's heroic death, Thomas Campbell wrote a ballad that expresses the spirit of the ocean-warriors of England. Admiral Blake died in 1657; Admiral Nelson fell at Trafalgar in 1805.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,—

As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

VII

OF A BOOK THAT ALSO OPENED A NEW WORLD. HOW A STRANGE PEOPLE GATHERED STRENGTH AND MEASURED THEMSELVES AGAINST THE WORLD'S VANITIES AND ALSO AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF THE ENGLISH KINGS. HOW A KING RULED WITHOUT A PARLIAMENT, AND HOW AFTERWARDS A PARLIAMENT RULED WITHOUT A KING. AND OF TWO HEROIC BUILDERS,—A COUNTRY SQUIRE AND A POET.

The seventeenth century brought great changes to England. James I, who succeeded the great Elizabeth in 1603, and his successor Charles I, ruled absolutely, that is, without any consideration of the rights and wishes of the people. They held that their power was derived from God. This was the "divine right" idea of monarchy, held by Philip of Spain in the time of Elizabeth and by the Kaiser of Germany in our time. The English Parliament was not permitted to meet, or if it did meet, was allowed no power. The English people became divided. One class, those who

were attached to the Court, lived selfish lives, given up to extravagance and luxury. The masses of the people sought simplicity and sincerity of life. Many of them were called Puritans because of their dislike for form and ceremony in religious observances, and because of their desire to do away with the ignorance and corruption of many of the clergy. They believed that the source of religious truth was to be found in the Bible, not in the priesthood; that a man should be free to think for himself, not bound by authority; and that government, in the nation as well as in the church, should be in the hands of the people. Thus, two ideals of government came into conflict with each other: the idea of divine right, of absolute rule by the monarch, as against the idea of freedom of thought and participation in government in church and state. Despairing of any solution at home, many Englishmen in the seventeenth century emigrated to America. They carried with them the ideas of government that had been developing in England for many generations, and they set up in their new homes the kind of government they had longed to see in England, thus leading the way to American democracy.

It is very important that you should get clearly in mind the relationship between the founding of liberty in America and the struggle that was going on in England in the seventeenth century, in order that you may see how closely related to each other England and America really are; and may see, also, how they have together worked out most completely that ideal of government of the people, by the people, and for the people that is now in conflict with the older ideal of government by one supreme ruler. In the seventeenth century, both these ideas were in a mighty con-

flict in one country, England. The result there was Civil War and Revolution, with the triumph, for the time being, of free government. Another result of the conflict was the founding and growth of great English colonies in America, devoted to the working out of this principle. A century later, the same questions were again an issue, both in England itself and in the relations of England to her colonies. The result, once more, was war, with a further victory for free government through the independence of the United States. In the twentieth century, the struggle has been renewed, with the Teutonic powers representing the ideas held by the English kings of the seventeenth century and the British government of the eighteenth century, and with the Allies representing free government. With these facts in mind let us look a little more closely at the events of 1603-1688.

The events of the sixteenth century—the great increase in knowledge of lands previously unknown; the great increase in contact between England and the continent through foreign travel; the great increase in opportunities for reading; and the marvelous development of opportunity for the ordinary man to live comfortably if not prosperously,—all these contributed to the development of personal judgment, the habit of thinking for oneself. Men became more self-reliant. They belonged to a great nation, able to meet and to conquer a long-dreaded enemy. They also became more serious, more religious in their outlook on life.

In 1611 the most wonderful of English books was given to the nation. It was the King James version of the Bible. This book was the work of a band of translators who wisely tried to get the utmost simplicity of language. The result

was a book that at once became a whole literature for the common man. It was filled with stories, with homely incidents that illustrated great moral truths, and with wisdom for every day. England became a church. Every man had his Bible as a guide for his thought and conduct. He needed no interpreter, for religion became simple; the possession not of a professional class, doctors, lawyers, churchmen, but of ordinary men and women. The language of every day became saturated with phrases and words taken from this source. Most of all, the sense of sin, of the struggle between good and evil that goes on in a man's soul, became a fact of every day thinking. Worldly standards became less important,—the magnificence of kings and courtiers, the deeds of knights of chivalry, the romantic ideals of the stories about Arthur. In the sight of God, a king was no greater than a plowman, and was to be tried by the same standards.

Though it did not appear until near the end of the century, Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* well illustrates some of the characteristics of the Puritans. The author, a poor tinker, had been brought up on the Bible; his great book is written in the same simple language that we find in the King James Version. *The Pilgrim's Progress* has been the most widely read book in England excepting only the Bible. When he was a lad, John Bunyan saw visions of heaven and heard heavenly voices. He struggled with deep conviction of sin. He and his little family lived in the greatest poverty; they possessed almost nothing. He became a preacher, and at length was thrown into prison because he did not uphold the state religion. For eleven years he was in jail, his companions

being men like himself, imprisoned because the government thought them dangerous. "The parting with my wife and poor children," he wrote, "hath often been to me in this place like the pulling of flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should often have brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child who lay nearer my heart than all besides."

After eleven years he was set free. He had spent much time, when in prison, in writing tracts, sermons, and stories. The following selection, from *The Pilgrim's Progress,* expresses the spirit of the Puritan and his view of life.

VANITY FAIR

JOHN BUNYAN

So Evangelist began as followeth:

"My Sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the Gospel, that you must through many tribulations enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And again, that in every City bonds and afflictions abide you; and therefore you cannot expect that you should go long on your Pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this Wilderness, and therefore you will soon come into a Town that you will by and by see before you; and in that Town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard but they will kill you;

and be ye sure that one or both of you must seal the testimony which you hold, with blood; but be you faithful unto death, and the King will give you a Crown of life. He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, and his pain perhaps great, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with in the rest of his Journey. But when you are come to the Town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and quit yourselves like men, and commit the keeping of your souls to your God in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity. And at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than Vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is Vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is Vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years agone, there were pilgrims walking to the celestial city, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of Vanity, and that it should last all the

year long: therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of all sorts.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms) where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold.

Now, as I said, the way to the celestial city lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair that invited him to buy of his vanities: yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little

time, that he might (if possible) allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair therefore is an ancient thing, of long standing and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for

First: The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish-men.

Secondly: And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of Canaan but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly: But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in Heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they,

looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the Truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and a great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There therefore they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness

for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they therefore in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them) they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that were cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the cage, nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings, by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the All-wise dispose of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

A PILGRIM

JOHN BUNYAN

Who would true valor see
  Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
  Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent,
  To be a Pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
  With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
  His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
  To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
  Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
  Shall Life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labor, night and day,
  To be a Pilgrim.

To such men as these, political government was subject to the test of righteousness. Therefore, when the English kings held that their will was supreme, that no subject might call in question royal acts, that Englishmen had no rights to share in government, a conflict was certain. James and Charles ruled, so far as they could, without Parliament. They imposed heavy and unjust taxes in order to get money for their personal expenses. They tried to go back to those early times before Magna Charta, when taxes were not voted by Parliament, but were imposed by the will of the king. What happened is illustrated by the story of John Hampden.

In 1636, this man, a Puritan country squire, refused to pay an illegal tax called "ship-money." Only twenty shillings were involved, but it was the principle, not the money, that Hampden and others like him thought about, just as it was the principle and not the money involved, that in a later time led to the Boston Tea Party and the American Revolution. Hampden represented the same English spirit of independence that afterwards blazed up in America.

There had been no Parliament for many years. The courts were in the hands of the king. There was small

chance for justice if a plain English citizen protested. Yet John Hampden appealed to the courts, and to the surprise of everyone, five of the twelve judges decided in his favor. Of course the majority rule went against him, but it was a defeat that had the moral effect of a victory.

From 1642 to 1649 there was Civil War, ending with the execution of Charles I and the establishment of a government which declared that "the people are the source of all civil power" and that the instrument through which the people exercise their power is the House of Commons. Oliver Cromwell was made Lord Protector. Himself a man of the people, he had formed an army of men who were not professional soldiers, but were deeply religious, "godly farmers." They advanced to the charge singing psalms, and they were invincible. Officers in the new army were not men of noble blood, as in earlier times. A serving man, or a drayman, or a sea-captain, might hold high rank.

A single incident may be chosen to represent the series of battles that ended with the triumph of Cromwell and the execution of the king. The historian Green tells us of Hampden's death.

THE DEATH OF HAMPDEN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

It was time for the king's forces to think of retreat, for Hampden was already in pursuit. He had slept at Watlington; but the tidings of the foray in the village hard by roused him from slumber, and he at once despatched a trooper to Essex to bid the Earl send foot and horse and cut off the Prince from Chiselhampton bridge. Essex objected and de-

layed till Hampden's patience broke down. The thought of his own village blazing in that Sunday dawn, his own friends and tenants stretched dead in the village streets, carried him beyond all thought of prudence. A troop of horse volunteered to follow him; and few as they were, he pushed at once with them for the bridge. The morning was now far gone; and Rupert had reached Chalgrove Field, a broad space without enclosures, where he had left his foot drawn up amidst the standing corn to secure his retreat. To Hampden the spot was a memorable one; it was there, if we trust a royalist legend, that "he first mustered and drew up men in arms to rebel against the King." But he had little time for memories such as these. His resolve was to hold Rupert by charge after charge till Essex could come up; and the arrival of these troops of horse with some dragoons enabled him to attack. The attack was roughly beaten off, and the assailants thrown into confusion, but Hampden rallied the broken troops and again led them on. Again they were routed, and Rupert drew off across the river without further contest. It was indeed only the courage of Hampden that had fired his little troop to face the Cavaliers; and he could fire them no more. In the last charge a shot struck him in the shoulder and disabled his sword-arm. His head bending down, his hands resting on his horse's neck, he rode off the field before the action was done, "a thing he never used to do." The story of the country side told how the wounded man rode first towards Pyrton. It was the village where he had wedded the wife he loved so well, and beyond it among the beech-trees of the Chilterns lay his own house of Hampden. But it was not there that he was to die. A party of loyalists drove him

back from Pyrton, and turning northwards he paused for a moment at a little brook that crossed his path, then gathering strength leaped it, and rode almost fainting to Thame. At first the surgeons gave hopes of his recovery, but hope was soon over. For six days he lay in growing agony, sending counsel after counsel to the Parliament, till on the twenty-fourth of June the end drew near. "Oh Lord, save my country," so ended Hampden's prayers; "O Lord, be merciful to —!" Here his speech failed him, and he fell back lifeless on his bed.

With arms reversed and muffled flags, his own men bore him through the lanes and woods he knew so well to the little church that still stands unchanged beside his home. On the floor of its chancel the brasses of his father and his grandfather mark their graves. A step nearer to the altar, unmarked by brass or epitaph, lies the grave in which, with bitter tears and cries, his greencoats laid the body of the leader whom they loved. "Never were heard such piteous cries at the death of one man as at Master Hampden's." With him indeed all seemed lost. But bitter as were their tears, a noble faith lifted these Puritans out of despair. As they bore him to his grave they sang, in the words of the ninetieth psalm, how fleeting in the sight of the Divine Eternity is the life of man. But as they turned away the yet nobler words of the forty-third psalm broke from their lips, as they prayed that the God who had smitten them would send out anew His light and His truth, that they might lead them and bring them to His holy hill. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him, which is the help of my countenance and my God!"

A POET WHO FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM

Among the Builders of Democracy during this period none stands higher on the honor roll of fame than John Milton. Born in 1608, given a splendid education in preparation for the work to which he early felt himself called —the writing of poetry—he went to Italy to complete his training. He had already written poems that had attracted wide attention and that showed the bent of his mind towards liberty and virtue. In one of these, *Comus* by name, he tells of a girl who was captured by a wicked enchanter. Her two brothers search for her throughout the woods in vain. Meantime, the magician places her in an enchanted chair in the midst of a beautiful palace. Soft music, delightful foods to tempt her appetite, lovely surroundings of every sort are brought to bear in order to win her surrender. She spurns all these, and attempts to rise from the chair. Then Comus tells her his power. If he should but wave his wand, he says, she would be as helpless as if turned to marble. But to this she replies that though he may indeed imprison her or kill her:

> "Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind."

These words give us the keynote to Milton's thought, and to the impulse which led to the great war for freedom in England in the seventeenth century and to the founding of the colonies in America. The freedom of the mind is the one precious thing; it is beyond reach of tyrants unless men tamely surrender.

So Milton was preparing for a poet's life, feeling within himself the sense of power. When he was twenty-three

years of age he wrote a poem which shows his dissatisfaction with his apparent idleness, and also his self-devotion.

> How soon hath Time, that subtle thief of youth,
> Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year,
> My hasting days fly on with full career,
> But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
> Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
> That I to manhood am arrived so near;
> And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
> That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
> Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
> It shall be still in strictest measure even
> To that same lot, however mean or high,
> Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
> All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

When he was traveling in Italy, news reached him that the struggle in England had led to war. He at once came home, saying: "I thought it ill for me to be traveling at ease in foreign parts, while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." At first he taught a little school, where he trained boys for citizenship. "I call a complete and generous education," he said, "that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

Later, he became Latin Secretary to Cromwell, an office in which he carried on correspondence with foreign governments and with many important men. The foreign relations of England at this time were very complicated. No previous ruler of England had been so widely known and respected throughout Europe as Cromwell was. When in

1655 a colony of Protestants living in Southern France were exterminated because of their refusal to accept a state religion, Cromwell sent an English envoy to threaten instant war unless atonement were made. The atrocity which set English blood boiling was of the same kind that has been made familiar to us during the present war, for example through the frightful massacres of Armenians under German auspices. When the English ambassador appeared before the Duke of Savoy, who was responsible for the outrages, he bore a letter signed by Cromwell but written by John Milton. What Milton thought of the massacre he has explained also in a poem:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven.

All through his life, Milton was passionately devoted to the cause of liberty. In a poem addressed to Cromwell, he praises the great general for the victories he has won, but warns him about the dangers of a new tyranny:

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed,

And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
Hath reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,—
* * * yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls.

He speaks, in one of the last poems that he wrote, of *strenuous liberty,* by which he means that liberty, when won, must be guarded:

> What more in nations grown corrupt
> Than to love bondage more than liberty,
> Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty.

He has no fear of tyranny or of error if only men fight for the truth: "Who knows not," he says, "that truth is strong next to the Almighty."

It was in the same heroic spirit that Milton fought with the greatest disaster that could come upon him—the loss of his sight. Even in youth, he had determined "by long study" to write one day a poem that the world would not willingly let die. "You ask me, Charles," he wrote as a boy to his dearest friend, "you ask me of what I am thinking. I think, so help me Heaven, of Immortality!" Yet he had given up his studies and devoted himself through many years to rendering what assistance he could to the cause of liberty. His action in this respect reminds one of the generous self-sacrifice with which many American business men, during the present war, have given up their business affairs to become "dollar a year" men in the service of the government. Yet Milton gave more than they. His task was laborious; it brought him little recognition or thanks; it cost him his sight. When they told him that

unless he gave up his government work he would soon be blind, he never hesitated. What he felt, the following lines indicate:

> When I consider how my light is spent
> Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
> And that one talent which is death to hide
> Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
> To serve therewith my Maker, and present
> My true account, lest he returning chide;
> "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
> I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
> That murmur, soon replies, "God does not need
> Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
> Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
> Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait."

Three years later, he wrote to a friend:

> Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear
> To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
> Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
> Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
> Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
> Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
> Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In liberty's defense.

"In liberty's defense!" Such was John Milton's watchword, as it is the watchword of America in the present war. Let none think that America is inconsistent in warring by England's side in this new struggle for liberty.

England has always warred for liberty. John Milton is far more truly representative of England than Lord North or George III, against whose government, and not against the English people, our fathers fought at Concord and Lexington. America stands by England's side, as she should, and if England's heroic dead could come back to see these brothers in arms warring on tyranny and error in the greatest of all conflicts, none would rejoice more than John Milton, the heroic Builder who forgot self, forgot his career, forgot what he thought was his mission on earth, "in liberty's defense." Proof of this, and a splendid statement of the brotherhood of man that is the very basis of the thought of the Allies in the present war, Milton himself gives us. His thought was far in advance of his time; we are just in process of making it reality. "Who knows not," he says, "that there is a mutual bond of amity and brotherhood between man and man over all the world, neither is it the English sea that can sever us from that duty and relation. Nor is it distance of place that makes enmity, but enmity that makes distance. He, therefore, that keeps peace with me, near or remote, of whatsoever nation, is to me, as far as all civil and human offices, an Englishman and a neighbor. This is Gospel, and this was ever law among equals."

VIII

OF A BILL OF RIGHTS WHICH MADE PARLIAMENT SUPREME, AND OF A COMPACT IN A SHIP'S CABIN WHICH MADE THE PEOPLE SUPREME. AND OF THE BEGINNINGS OF A NEW LIBERTY IN AMERICA.

Building the House of Liberty is a slow process. Some victory is won over an enemy, and it seems that the strug-

gle is over, but one day the giant with the shackles appears once more, some Comus with his enchantments, and seemingly all the weary road must be retraced.

So it was with Cromwell's England. The Lord Protector ruled, not as a democratic president, but as a victorious general. Many evils were corrected. England prospered, and her fame increased. But in 1660 the kingship was restored, and with it the struggle between crown and people. Charles II, the new king, was surrounded by a mob of pleasure-seekers. He not only did all he could to overthrow English liberty but also aided Louis XIV of France in his efforts to crush Protestantism in Europe. James II, who succeeded in 1685, ruled badly, so that in 1688 William of Orange was invited to the throne. In 1689 the famous Bill of Rights was adopted, and with it the triumph of Parliament was forever assured.

By the Bill of Rights, the King is subject to Parliament and the laws of the realm; he is not a master ruling by divine right. That is, he is only an official who rules by the consent of the people. If he rules badly, he may be removed by the people. The ancient idea of the king as a sort of priest, representative of God, who can do no wrong, whose voice is the voice of God, an arbitrary despot,—this idea survives in Germany. In England it has been dead and buried for more than two hundred years.

The reign of Elizabeth had established in the minds of the people the love of country and the belief in the nation's power. The long struggle between the Parliament and the kings in the seventeenth century established firmly this principle of representative rule, the right of the people to govern themselves. One thing remained. Who *are* the

people? Are they the nobility and gentry alone? What are the rights of the common man?

The answer came from America.

Twelve hundred years after the Angles and Saxons, bearing with them their song of Beowulf and of his service, sought a new home in England, other shiploads of travellers sailed out over the Atlantic. Captain John Smith, with a company of something more than a hundred, established a settlement at Jamestown in 1607. Unlike the Spanish adventurers, who sought only gold and jewels, these Englishmen were prepared to develop the new country as a permanent home. "Nothing is to be expected," Smith warned them, "but by labor." So "men fell to building houses and planting corn." In fifteen years the hundred colonists had grown to five thousand.

A little later a group of men and women who had been compelled because of religious persecution to leave England, set sail for the New World. One of them wrote: "We are well-weaned from the delicate milk of the mother-country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land. The people are industrious and frugal. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage." In 1620 the Plymouth plantation was founded, in the depths of a long winter, facing sickness and hunger. They were sustained by their hope that freedom of thought and government might here be safe. It cost them much to leave the England that they loved. "Farewell, dear England!" they said; "our hearts shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

FELICIA HEMANS

1

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed;

2

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

3

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame;

4

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom—
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free!

6

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
  This was their welcome home!

7

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

8

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth:
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

9

What sought they thus afar?—
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

10

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they
    found—
  Freedom to worship God.

Before the *Mayflower* landed there occurred an incident filled with deep significance. The Pilgrim Fathers sailed under a "patent" or agreement issued by the King, which provided for colonization in Virginia. But they were planning to set up their colony north of the Jamestown settlement, outside its boundaries. The historian of the colony, William Bradford, tells us that some people in the ship said that "when they came ashore they would use their own liberty; for none had power to command them, the patent they had being for Virginia, and not for New England." So the leaders of the party, learning of these plans for throwing off all restraint and fearing that the

evil might spread, called a meeting of the passengers and drew up what they called a "combination," or compact, for their government in their new home.

Do you see this picture of the founding of free government in America? The little ship tossing upon the waves of the Atlantic in winter; the little cabin filled with a small group of men and women and children, poorly clothed and fed, exiles from the land they loved, going to a strange country filled with they knew not what perils; these people, in these hard circumstances, gathering into a meeting of citizens, drawing up and voting upon a rude constitution for their government.

It is an inspiring and affecting sight—this Building of Democracy,—more dramatic even than that gathering so many centuries before at Runnymede. And Bradford's comment on what they did contains the whole doctrine of free government. They did this thing, he says, in the belief *"that such an act by them done (this their condition considered) might be as firm as any patent, and in some respects more sure."*

A *patent* is a *permission* given by a king, setting forth the rules to be followed, the conditions to be met, the price to be paid. The *Compact* was a voluntary agreement among a group of people, setting restraints by their own will upon themselves. It was an instrument of *government,* that is of discipline and control. But it was also proof of *freedom,* for they entered into it freely, without constraint. Thus was *free government* established.

And the *people* were all those who entered into the agreement for living with one another in friendly co-operation.

THE COMPACT OF THE PILGRIMS

In the name of God, amen. We whose names are underwritten . . . having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod the 11th of November, A. D. 1620.

These Builders laid the foundations of Democracy in America.

IX

SOME FURTHER EXAMPLES OF THE BUILDING IN AMERICA, AND OF ITS LIKENESS TO THE BUILDING IN ENGLAND. AND AFTER THIS, THE STORY OF THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE GRAY CHAMPION.

We have seen that the founding of Liberty in America was closely related to the struggle that was going on in England between the Parliament and the Stuart kings. During the English Civil War and the period of Cromwell's rule, the new colonies had ample opportunity to set up plans of government suggested by the Compact of the Pilgrims. The New England town meeting was built on the founda-

tion laid centuries before in the *tun-moot* of our ancestors, but during the early days of American colonial history many experiments in truly popular government could be tested without the interference of a selfish and tyrannical over-lord or king. Thus the colonies grew in wealth, population, and love of freedom.

But with the restoration of the Stuart kings in 1660, the liberties of the colonists were in deadly peril. The struggle that went on within the mother country was reflected on this side of the Atlantic. In 1686 Sir Edmund Andros was appointed Governor-General of the two Massachusetts colonies. He added New York and Virginia to his realm; then Delaware, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey. His plan was to reduce the whole territory of America, all the independent self-governing colonies, to a single state over which his rule would be practically that of a king.

Therefore, the "Glorious Revolution of 1688," as it has been called, which with the Bill of Rights put the king in his place, and ended the long struggle between crown and parliament, was as important in America as it was in England. An insurrection in Boston put an end to the rule of Andros. The people seized the governor, the fort, and a British armed frigate, and returned to their old form of government.

These stirring events are brought vividly before us through a story by a great American writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne. The story is based on tradition only, but it is true to the spirit of the times. Hawthorne uses the legend of the Gray Champion as a symbol of the spirit of Liberty in the Colonies. The opening paragraphs ex-

plain the situation, and at the end we have the suggestion of the appearance of the champion during the war with England. Perhaps the venerable spirit may appear among General Pershing's men in France. At any rate, he speaks to all our hearts in this new war against despotism.

THE GRAY CHAMPION

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restriction on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying

far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper, it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and somber features of their character, perhaps more strikingly

in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought, that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a

more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house,

and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite counsellors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New

England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the High-Churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty,—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displayed a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that de-

scended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old counsellors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories,—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty

yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen,—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire,"

said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by tomorrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended,—tomorrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely

in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King

Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

X

OF THE POOR MAN ONCE MORE, WHO HAD LOST THE FIGHT NARRATED IN CHAPTER V AND HAD SMALL PART IN THE BILL OF RIGHTS. ALSO OF THE RUDE FOREFATHERS OF THE HAMLET. AND HOW A PLOW BOY POET ISSUED A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND SO BECAME ONE OF THE BUILDERS.

The greatest event of the eighteenth century was the growth of sympathy for the poor man.

We have seen how the English peasants, from time to time, rebelled against their oppressors. We have also seen how the long struggle between the kings and the Parliament resulted, in 1688-9, in the victory of representative government. But the people who secured the largest benefits from this victory were not the peasants and laborers. Even in that splendid gathering at Runnymede, when King John gave Magna Charta to his barons, it was the great lords who gained most. And the triumph of Parliament

in 1689 depended, for its value, on how fully the assembly of the people, the House of Commons, represented *all* the people.

As a matter of fact, the poor man had little chance in the years following the Bill of Rights. Deprived of education, he grew coarse and brutal. For even slight offenses he might be thrown into prison, where he spent years of suffering in the most horrible surroundings. Even cutting down a tree without permission of some great man might be punished by death. His burden of taxes was not lightened because the Parliament fixed the amount instead of the king. Most of all, he had no chance. He could not rise from a low position to one of comfort and power. He was not free to develop as fully as possible whatever talent he possessed.

Poets and dramatists wrote about the rich and the noble, not about the poor. Once, indeed, Alexander Pope, a great poet, was so moved by a story that he heard about two poor lovers, that he wrote about them to a beautiful lady, the Lady Mary Wortley Montague. These lovers were working in a hay-field when a storm came up. They fled for shelter to a big stack of hay, but were struck dead by lightning. The poet wrote about their fate, but he says, at the end, that he ought not to have used her ladyship's time in telling about people so low in station, and that their chief happiness, could they but know it, was that by their death they came to the attention of so great a lady.

But a new spirit came over England, little by little, as the years went on. Charles and John Wesley started a great religious movement based on the idea that souls of men are judged in Heaven by some other standard than

wealth or social position. Prisons were reformed, made cleaner, conducted in less brutal fashion, through the efforts of John Howard. Sunday schools were established, so that ignorant people might have instruction they could not get elsewhere. And even the poets began to see that the lives of the poor held stories that were worth while and that England's greatness depended in a large part on the comfort and industry of those who worked with their hands.

Several of these poems you should know. The *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* was published a few years before the American Revolution. Its author, Thomas Gray, was a very scholarly man who did not associate much with others. He spent a good deal of his time in his rooms at Cambridge University. But in the *Elegy,* one of the best known poems in our literature, you will find several important ideas. One is his reference to Cromwell, Hampden, and other Builders whom you met a little while ago. Another is the idea that in the grave, at least, lord and peasant are equal. And most important of all is the recognition that, given a chance to develop their powers freely, many of these peasants might have become great. They lived and died in obscurity. They *might* have been generals, orators, statesmen.

Democracy, as we in America understand it, gives every man a chance.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

1

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

9

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

12

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

13

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

16

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

18

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

23

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
  Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonored dead
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

29

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE STORY OF ROBERT BURNS

President Wilson has said that patriotism in America is "an active principle of conduct . . . . that was born into the world to replace systems that had preceded it and to bring men out upon a new plane of privilege."

This "new plane of privilege" made real the thing that the poet Gray expressed in the poem you have just read. All men have certain capacities. In the England of the eighteenth century much, very much, had been done toward making this fact count for the happiness and development of the individual. But the principle had not been extended to *all* men. The sharp distinctions in rank prevented. The House of Commons, as we shall see presently, was not truly representative.

The sense that these things were wrong and should be corrected grew strong in the last years of the eighteenth century. The American Revolution was fought in order to establish the political equality of men and their right to govern themselves. The French Revolution, which followed a few years later, was inspired by the ideas of "liberty, equality, fraternity." In Scotland, home of Wallace and Bruce, those old patriots whom you met a while ago, Robert Burns taught the same doctrine. The theme of much of his poetry is just the same theme that you meet in the writings and speeches of our own Revolutionary heroes, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry. You should know something about this Scottish poet, for he was one of the Builders of Democracy.

He was born in 1759, in a two-room cottage. His father was a poor "renter" who moved from farm to farm in his efforts to make a living. Everyone in the family had to work early and late, so Robert got most of his education by studying nature, and by reading poetry and history at odd moments, even while following the plow.

All his life he struggled with poverty. At one time he planned to seek a better opportunity in America. The feel-

ing that led him to this decision was just the same desire for larger opportunity that has brought so many thousands of poor men and women, from every country in Europe, to free America during the last century. But in order to get money enough to pay for his passage, Burns collected a little volume of poems that he had written from time to time, and published them. These poems were so simple, so sincere, so filled with love for Scotland, that everyone read them and loved them, and the poet decided to remain in his native land. He made a journey all through Scotland, visiting the birthplace of Robert Bruce and other places dear in Scottish legend and history. He loved this history. He loved all the Scottish country, even the simple farm scenes that to many people possess no charm. He wrote about the field mouse whose humble dwelling was uprooted by his plow, and about the mountain daisy, and about the Saturday night at the cottage of the poor farm laborer.

These facts help us to understand how the wide sympathy Burns felt for every humble creature, the farm animals, the flowers of the field, the poor cotter, led him to express the very spirit of democracy. He himself was poor and in debt; his life was so limited by circumstances that only the music in his soul, the songs that broke from him like the springs from mountain rocks, lifted him above the round of suffering and care. But he did not envy those who were counted great by the world merely because they had been born to lordships and lands. To him manhood depended on something else. So his song "A Man's a Man" expresses the very same idea of equality that we find in the Declaration of Independence.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there, for honest poverty,
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by
  We dare be poor for a' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Our toils obscure, and a' that;
    The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
      The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their tinsel show, and a' that;
    The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
      Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
    For a' that, and a' that,
      His ribband, star, and a' that;
    The man of independent mind,
      He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might
  Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
    For a' that, and a' that;
      Their dignities, and a' that;
    The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
      Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that;
It's comin' yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

The same ideas come out everywhere in the poetry of this best-loved of song-writers. For example, when he was plowing one day he accidentally destroyed the nest of a field-mouse. So he stopped and wrote a poem about it. To the mouse he said:

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'rin pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

These lines show how wide was the sympathy of Burns —he is a "fellow-mortal" of the mouse, and his "earth-born companion." And they also express his faith in "nature's social union," a brotherhood that men by their evil ambitions are constantly breaking.

Again, Burns wrote about the Cotter's Saturday Night. The laborer comes home, wearied from his week's work.

> His wee-bit ingle, blinkin' bonilie,
> His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
> The lisping infant prattling on his knee

all fill him with joy and drive his care and weariness away. The older children, who have spent the week working out on neighboring farms, also come home. The bashful young lover joins the party, and is asked to stay for the simple supper of porridge and cottage cheese. After supper is over,

> The priest-like father reads the sacred page

and all the family kneel in prayer.

So Burns sees the value in simple and industrious lives. The worth of a nation depends not on its lords and great men, but on such families as we here look upon.

> From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> "An honest man's the noblest work of God";
> And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
> The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
> What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
> Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
> Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!
>
> O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
> For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
> Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
> Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
> And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
> From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
  And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
  In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Burns himself was a proof of what Gray wrote about—the infinite possibilities in humble lives. America has proved this truth over and over again. For example, a few years ago a poor boy in Russia was put in prison, with others in his family, because the government was afraid of the growing spirit of rebellion among the peasants and laborers. This boy escaped from prison and made his way to America. He knew something about book-binding, and worked his way through the University by this means. Then he entered a medical school and completed his course. He stood high in his studies and a brilliant career was before him when America, his adopted country, went to war against the sort of tyranny that denies a man a chance for the free development of his life. So he entered the Medical Reserve service of the United States, where he is now an officer, repaying his debt and helping to make the world safe for boys such as he once was. Among the millions of peasants in Russia are many like this boy, many also who, like Robert Burns, might write stories and songs

that would make the world happier and better. On such a belief democracy is founded. The lords and great ones in Scotland in the time of Burns we have forgotten, but the world will never forget this plow-boy and his songs of brotherhood and love.

He was one of the Builders of Democracy.

> It's coming yet, for a' that,
> That man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that.

XI

SHOWING THAT THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT IN THE TIME OF BURNS DID NOT REPRESENT THE PEOPLE. BUT HOW THE COLONIES, IN WHICH THE PEOPLE RULED, APPLIED THE OLD ENGLISH TEST OF LIBERTY. OF THE NATURE OF THE CONTEST, AND HOW GREAT ENGLISHMEN FOUGHT A LOSING FIGHT IN BEHALF OF LIBERTY FOR AMERICA. AND AT THE LAST, TWO PROPHECIES OF THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA WHICH HAVE GREAT INTEREST FOR US TODAY.

The English colonies in America grew and prospered during the century and a half that followed the settlement of Jamestown and Plymouth. Through most of the time the government at home interfered but little. So the ideas of co-operation and self-government they brought with them from the mother-country were left free to expand in a way impossible at home. They had their own magistrates, their own assemblies, their own free constitutions. The principles that Burns praised—the idea of political equality based on human brotherhood—triumphed over the old distinctions based on rank and wealth.

When these free institutions were threatened by a new tyranny, a clash was inevitable. The American Revolu-

tion is a most important fact in the history of our country; it is also a most important fact in the history of our race. Let us try to look at it, for the present, as one step in the great struggle for liberty that had been going on in England for centuries. It was not a war against the people of England; the people of England, even at that time, were vitally concerned in it, and as time went on they benefited by it through their own increased share in government.

The Glorious Revolution of 1688, as we have seen, established the supremacy of Parliament. It only remained to determine who were the people to be represented by this Parliament. We have seen how in England as well as in America a new sense of the importance of the laborer and the peasant, of the common man, was gaining ground as the years passed by.

But in fact the government of England was not in the hands of the people, in spite of the triumph of Parliament. For example, when the American Revolution broke out there were about eight millions of people in England. Of these, only about one hundred and sixty thousand might vote. A great Englishman, Edmund Burke, who was also a great friend of the colonies, said that a House of Commons could have value only as it was "the express image of the feelings of the nation." But English cities like Birmingham and Manchester had no representatives at all in Parliament. Thus whole sections of the English population, as in Germany today, had no voice in the government. To make matters worse, certain districts, or boroughs, that had once contained a considerable rural population, had passed into the possession of the families of nobles, and their population was dispersed. Yet these dis-

tricts returned members to Parliament who of course represented not any part of the English people, but were merely creatures of the owner of the borough. Even worse than this, seats in Parliament could be purchased by men who wished to gain power. Given a king, therefore, who wished to rule absolutely, nothing could be easier than to form a House of Commons completely under his control and not at all responsible to the people.

One other fact you must keep in mind. Back in the time of Queen Elizabeth much power was concentrated in the Privy Council, a small body of ministers responsible to the sovereign. In later times, this Privy Council became a Cabinet, in whose hands the chief executive power of the government was lodged. The king appointed a Prime Minister, who in turn appointed men to direct the various departments. In the time of George III this Cabinet was responsible only to the sovereign. It is not so in England today, but Lord North, who was the Prime Minister of England at the outbreak of the American Revolution, was the tool of the king, and since the king also controlled Parliament, you can easily see that the power of George III, in spite of the constitutional freedom guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, was almost as absolute as that of the German kaiser today.

The first thing for you to remember, then, is that when Parliament and the Ministry oppressed the American colonies through unlawful taxation and other restrictions they did not do so by the aid or the will of the English people. At that time the English people themselves were not free. This is why the American Revolution marked not only the founding of a new nation of men who spoke the English

tongue, but also a stage in the development of a free England.

It is equally important to remember that these things were clearly seen by some of the ablest English statesmen of that time. These men found an audience in that large body of Englishmen who were becoming more intelligent in matters of government and more sensitive to the corruption that made the king's tyranny possible. These men sought to reform Parliament so that it might be more truly representative. They also used their utmost endeavor to bring about a change in the policy of the government toward America.

That policy was to treat the colonies as dependencies. Their chief value to England, according to this view, was precisely the value that Philip of Spain attached to his colonies in the sixteenth century. That is, they were sources of revenue, for the payment of government expenses. They had no representation in the British Parliament; their old free charters were revoked; judges appointed by the Crown were imposed upon them; troops were stationed among them; their commerce was interfered with.

All these abuses centered about the question of taxation. The right of men to tax themselves, to determine how their public money shall be raised and how it shall be spent has for a thousand years been the fundamental test of liberty in the thought of Englishmen. The barons at Runnymede forced King John to sign Magna Charta because they refused to be taxed without their consent. The troubles of Charles I with his people were largely due to his unjust and illegal taxation. Sir Thomas Wentworth

spoke in Parliament in 1628 in words that might have been used by Samuel Adams or Patrick Henry, "We must vindicate our ancient liberties. We must reinforce the laws made by our ancestors. We must set such a stamp upon them as no licentious spirit shall dare hereafter to invade them." Thus the Declaration of Independence, protesting against just such invasions of the rights of Englishmen, is in complete accord with the English tradition of liberty. As the Massachusetts Assembly voted in protest against the Stamp Act: "The power of taxing is the grand banner of British liberty. If that is once broken down, all is lost."

This was recognized also by powerful friends of America in England. When, in 1765, the Stamp Act was passed, William Pitt, the Great Commoner, as he was called because of his constant effort to make the British Parliament more completely representative of English public opinion, was absent from the House because of illness. "When the resolution was taken to tax America, I was ill and in bed," he said, "but if I could have endured to be carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind friend to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it." When he learned that the Americans had called a Congress to provide for action against the tax, Pitt openly rejoiced.

"In my opinion," he said, "this kingdom has no right to lay a tax on the Colonies. America is obstinate? America is almost in open rebellion? Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves

would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." "He spoke," said one who heard him, "like a man inspired!" Pitt continued his fight for the repeal of the Stamp Act until he was successful.

Long years afterwards, when the Revolution was on, the great statesman, now the Earl of Chatham, still worked for a reconciliation. Lord North and the king were triumphant about some successes over the army of Washington. But Chatham said, "You cannot conquer America! If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!" What he hoped to bring about, even in the midst of war, was a federal union between America and England somewhat like that which exists today between Canada and Australia and the mother country. Even after Burgoyne had surrendered and France had joined the American cause, the old statesman, too feeble to walk alone, was borne to the House of Lords for his last appearance. He wished to plead once more for surrender to America of everything that might be necessary. "I rejoice," he said, "that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. His Majesty succeeded to an Empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Seventeen years ago this people was the terror of the world." A few moments later his speech was interrupted by a spasm of pain. Pressing his hand upon his heart he fell in a faint, to be carried to his home to die.

"Life may be given in many ways," an American poet has said, "and loyalty to Truth be sealed as bravely in the closet as in the field."

One does not have to be a soldier, charging "over the top," to deserve the badge of Distinguished Service. The "top" may not be swept by bullets from machine guns, but by bullets of a very different kind. It was a soldier who once said of William Pitt that no man ever entered his private conference room who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in.

Such a life of heroic service to justice and freedom was lived by Edmund Burke, friend of America in the Revolutionary period. He was born in Dublin in 1729. His father sent him, after he had completed a college course, to London to study law, but he spent more time in reading literature and history, in attending debating clubs and the theaters, and in travel, than he spent on his legal studies. So his father stopped his allowance, and the young Edmund went to writing for a living.

Some of his writings attracted the attention of the editors of the Annual Register, a summary of important events, and to this publication Burke contributed for many years. He became a member of the famous Literary Club, to which Dr. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith belonged, as well as Garrick, the great actor, and Reynolds, the famous artist.

In 1766, Burke entered Parliament. He won immediate fame for his speech against the Stamp Act, and then began his long opposition to the policy of George III. He made many speeches on American affairs, in all of which he sought to secure for America a treatment based on justice and a spirit of conciliation.

The heroism of Burke comes out in the fact that though by compromise he might have had the highest positions,

he preferred a course that was unpopular rather than to give up his principles. What is more, he knew that he had no chance of getting Parliament to adopt his policy. As we have seen, the "King's Friends" controlled the government absolutely. To fight on for the right, though he knew right could not conquer, was his task.

Some of Burke's ideas are of great value today. The two great ends of all political dealing, he thought, are Justice and Freedom. It was because the course taken by the king in dealing with the Americans was unjust to men who were descendants of Englishmen, and because the overthrow of the freedom of Englishmen in America would lead to the overthrow of Englishmen at home, that he fought, against odds, with small hope of success, year after year.

In March, 1775, a little more than three months before the American Declaration of Independence, the British House of Commons was the scene of an event full of meaning for America and the world. Lord North's bill, limiting the commerce of the Colonies and forbidding the New England fishermen from carrying on their work, was up for consideration. This act, called the Grand Penal Bill, would, if passed, reduce New England to beggary.

That the act would be passed, all men knew. Nevertheless, Burke spoke in behalf of Conciliation with the American colonies, in behalf of Justice and Freedom.

Three principles on which this speech rests are full of significance for us today.

The first is his belief that government should be based on "plain good intention." "Plain good intention," he

says, "which is as easily discovered at the first view, as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle."

The course of autocratic government is never marked by "plain good intention." It was not so in George III's dealings with America. It has not been so in Germany's dealings with the world. For it, Germany has substituted intrigue, plots to get Mexico and Japan to attack the United States, plots to overthrow the South American republics, plots against the government of the United States even when she was at peace with us. The same intrigue and secret plotting came out in the revelations of the German ambassador who was in London before the war broke out. To such a government a treaty is but a "scrap of paper"; hence the treatment of Belgium by Germany. But all these secret treaties by which nations are compelled to go to war at the will of a few military despots, this method of intrigue, of spies, of secret propaganda, will be done away with when this war is over. Burke's principle of "plain good intention," of friendly desire to help others and to play a fair game, will take its place, to be a "healing and cementing principle" in the world.

The second principle is that a people, or a nation, has a right to determine for itself its form of government and its ideals of liberty. George III and his ministry knew little and cared less about what the Americans wanted. But Burke devoted much of his time to explaining the temper and character of the American people, and his conclusion was that England must comply with this spirit, not seek to break it. Here was a great population, used to self-govern-

ment, which the British authorities thought they could handle as they desired.

So Germany today thinks that the Poles, or the Belgians, or the many different peoples in eastern and southeatern Europe can be bought and sold, placed under one king or another, attached to one empire or another, without regard for the feelings and ideals of the peoples. But peoples are not like boxes of merchandise to be shipped here and there. They have a right to "self-determination."

The Colonies, Burke thought, were a part of the English nation, not dependencies; they must be treated as Englishmen. Here is the third idea that concerns us today. Burke laid stress on the fact that the Colonies were not only founded by Englishmen, having English love of liberty, but that they left England when that passion for liberty was at white heat. Liberty, Burke said, always attaches itself to some one real object. To an Englishman taxation is the test. To be taxed without being represented, to an Englishman, is tyranny. Thus Burke pointed out the very thing that was driving the Americans to separation from the mother country, and he said, boldly and manfully, in the presence of Lord North and all the "King's Friends," that the Americans were right.

Now, after all the years, we see the full significance of Burke's argument about the relations between Americans and Englishmen.

First, the Revolution was not fought against the English nation, but against the government that was then in power. It was a part of the long struggle for free government that had been going on in England for centuries.

Second, Americans are related to England not only by

descent but through their institutions. The political ideals of the two peoples are the same. Pitt and Burke hoped that the differences between the Colonies and the British government might be settled and that no separation would take place. Their work was unavailing. But the spiritual unity that both men saw and valued has become a great and inspiring fact today. Many years ago John Richard Green, writing about the American Revolution, foresaw this day and wrote of its significance. And Alfred Tennyson has put into a single short poem this whole story of how the spirit of liberty in England and America grew through two centuries.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA NATURAL ALLIES

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

Whatever might be the importance of American independence in the history of England, it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for a while the supremacy of the English nation, it founded the supremacy of the English race. From the hour of American Independence the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little signs of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world. In 1783 America was a nation of three millions of inhabitants, scattered thinly along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. It is now [1877] a nation of forty millions, stretching over the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In wealth and material energy, as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother-country from which it sprang. It is already the main branch of the English people; and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's history must run along the channel not of the Thames or the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi.

But distinct as these currents are, every year proves more clearly that in spirit the English people are one. The distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassable barrier between them grow every day less. Against this silent and inevitable drift of things the spirit of narrow isolation on either side the Atlantic struggles in vain. It is possible that the two branches of the English people will remain forever separate political existences. It is likely enough that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English people in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English peoples on either side the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one.

And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over it will change the face of the world. As two hundred millions of Englishmen fill the valley of the Mississippi, as fifty millions of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe, whose nations will have shrunk into insignificance before it. What the issues of such a world-wide change may be, not even the wildest dreamer would dare to dream. But one issue is inevitable. In the

centuries that lie before us, the primacy of the world will lie with the English people. English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

O Thou, that sendest out the man
  To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
  Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
  Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
  Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
  Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
  The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
  The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
  Will vibrate to the doom.

XII

HOW AMERICA HAS CARRIED ON THE BUILDING. OF THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA, AS SHOWN IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION, AND IN LATER YEARS. AND HOW FREEDOM, A WARRIOR WHOSE WARS ARE NOT YET DONE, IS SUMMONED ONCE MORE, LIKE BEOWULF, TO BATTLE AGAINST THE OLD DRAGON.

"And the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world."

In the selections that follow you will find material to show how the story of the Building of Democracy has been carried on in America since 1775. You will see how closely the story is related to all that has gone before. You will need to use your history to supplement the story, but you will see that history is not made up alone of what we call "events"—battles, presidents, laws passed, facts about progress. These are the outward forms only. A man has a certain outward form, is of a certain height, weight, and appearance, wears clothes that are more or less becoming. But the real man is something deeper, harder to perceive. It is the difference between the man as he appears to us, in a crowd, on the street, in the cars, and the *man himself*.

So it is with understanding America. We may cram our brains with facts about American history, know dates and battles and institutions, be able to name the presidents and their terms, know the names of the states and of cabinets, know facts of population and industrial progress,—we may know all these things and yet not know America. These selections will help you to understand the spirit of America. You will find stories about Builders who were men of action. You will also find interpretations of the spirit

of America by Builders who were men of thought—poets, orators, statesmen.

We must know this spirit of America, which is one expression of the free spirit of Man, so that we may be able to live up to President Wilson's noble statement of the duty of every American,—"Not only to make a living, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit."

A VISION OF DAYS TO COME

WOODROW WILSON

The peculiarity of patriotism in America is that it is not a mere sentiment. It is an active principle of conduct. It is something that was born into the world, not to please it but to regenerate it. It is something that was born into the world to replace systems that had preceded it and to bring men out upon a new plane of privilege. The glory of the men whose memories you honor and perpetuate is that they saw the vision, and it was a vision of the future. It was a vision of great days to come when a little handful of three million people upon the borders of a single sea should have become a great multitude of free men and women spreading across a great continent, dominating the shores of two oceans, and sending West as well as East the influences of individual freedom. Such things were consciously in their minds as they framed the great Government which was born out of the American Revolution; and every time we gather to perpetuate their memories, it is incumbent upon us that we shall be worthy of recalling them and that we should endeavor by every means in our power to emulate their example.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. The paragraph is from an address given by the President before the Daughters of the American Revolution, Washington, October 11, 1915.

2. Distinguish carefully between "a mere sentiment" and "an active principle of conduct." How may your attitude toward the American flag be merely "sentiment"? How may it become a "principle of conduct"?

3. Commit to memory these sentences:

"The peculiarity of patriotism in America is that it is not a mere sentiment. It is an active principle of conduct. It is something that was born into the world, not to please it, but to regenerate it."

Be prepared to apply these sentences whenever possible in your study of the remaining portions of this book, to all that you learn about America's part in the war, and in as many ways as possible to your own life.

4. Notice carefully Mr. Wilson's statement about bringing men "out upon a new plane of privilege." How is this sentence given meaning from your thought about "Gray's Elegy" and the poems of Burns?

5. What does the President mean by saying that "we should be *worthy* of recalling them"?

LEXINGTON

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
  No battle-joy was theirs, who set
  Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
  They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
  They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
  Its vast results the future hid:
  The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
  The plow mid-furrow standing still,
  The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
  They scarcely asked the reason why;
  They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
  All that was theirs to give, they gave.
  The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
  And shattered slavery's chain as well;
  On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
  The nations listening to its sound
  Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
  The gladness of the world's release,
  When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!

The golden age of brotherhood
  Unknown to other rivalries
  Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good.

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
  Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
  The eagle of our mountain-crags,
The lion of our Motherland!

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Phrases and words to be studied, with the aid of the dictionary if necessary, are "Berserk thirst"; "alien bayonet"; "homespun breasts"; "feudal tower"; "golden age."

2. The third stanza is important. When was the battle of Lexington fought? How long afterwards was the Declaration of Independence adopted? What led to the battles of Lexington and Concord? Answers to these questions will help you to see why to the men who fought in these early battles "the meaning of the work they did was strange and dark and doubtful then."

3. This poem was written in 1875. What are the "holier triumphs" to come from "a century's vantage-ground"?

4. With the last stanza, compare the prophecy of the future relations of England and America in the selection by J. R. Green, pp. 213–215.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. This poem was sung at the completion of the battle monument at Concord, July 4, 1837.
2. In the light of what you have studied in this book, explain why the shot fired at Concord was heard round the world.
3. What is a "votive stone"?
4. What spirit is appealed to in the last stanza?
5. Commit to memory the first and last stanzas.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

PATRICK HENRY

Mr. President,—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as of the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite from theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be

the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of

love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and

reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their

clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Patrick Henry delivered this speech at the Virginia Convention, March 28, 1775. For some years this fiery young orator had been active in stirring up resistance in Virginia to the tyrannical acts of the crown. In 1774 the royal governor in that colony reported that every county was arming a company of men for the purpose of protecting their committees, which had been formed, as in the other colonies, to work out a plan of co-operation against the British government. In March, 1775, the second revolutionary convention of Virginia met at Richmond. A resolution was offered to put the colony into a state of defense. Some delegates objected to such radical action, and it is to these men that Henry addressed the opening sentences of his speech.

2. Find, in your history, the chief acts of the British ministry, during the ten years prior to March, 1775, which Mr. Henry had in mind in the third paragraph of his speech.

3. In the last paragraph, explain "the next gale that sweeps from the north." What "brethren" are referred to?

4. Make an outline of the arguments by which Mr. Henry sought to convince the delegates of the need of immediate action.

5. The resolution was passed. The chief command of the Vir-

ginia forces was offered to Colonel Washington, who responded to the invitation with the words: "It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in."

ACCEPTANCE OF APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

GEORGE WASHINGTON

To the President of Congress—Mr. President: Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me, in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation. But, lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. The Congress met at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. Colonel Washington was a delegate, and appeared in his provincial uni-

form. On June 15, the Congress chose him as commander-in-chief of the American forces.

2. Note that General Washington's refusal of pay for his services made him the first of the "dollar a year" men in the service of the United States.

THE LIBERTY TREE

(Published in *The Pennsylvania Magazine* in 1775)

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honor of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, 'tis a tale most profane,
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours;
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
Through the land let the sound of it flee,
Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
In defense of our Liberty Tree.

WASHINGTON ANTICIPATES THE DECLARATION

GEORGE WASHINGTON

With respect to myself, I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation, since I heard of the measures which were adopted in consequence of the Bunker Hill fight. The King's speech has confirmed the sentiments I entertained upon the news of that affair; and, if every man was of my mind, the ministers of Great Britain should know, in a few words, upon what issue the cause should be put. I would not be deceived by artful declarations, nor specious pretenses; nor would I be amused by the unmeaning propositions; but in open, undisguised, and manly terms proclaim our wrongs, and our resolution to be redressed. I would tell them, that we had borne much, that we had long and ardently sought for reconciliation upon honorable terms, that it had been denied us, that all our attempts after peace had proved abortive, and had been grossly misrepresented, that we had done everything which could be expected from the best of subjects, that the spirit of freedom rises too high in us to submit to slavery, and that, if nothing else would satisfy a tyrant and his diabolical ministry, we are determined to shake off all connections with a state so unjust and unnatural. This I

would tell them, not under covert, but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. This paragraph is taken from a letter written by General Washington in February, 1776. The people in the colonies were divided in opinion. Many, especially in the middle colonies, were loyal to the British government. Many others thought of the resistance that had been made, at Lexington, Bunker Hill, and elsewhere, as merely a protest; they had no idea of separation. But Washington saw from the first that independence should be declared, "in words as clear as the sun," not only for the effect in England, but as a means for bringing Americans into unity of thought. With this unity would come realization of the difficulty of the task before them. A great task, like a great vision from a mountain top, does not reveal itself at once. It is only after one has climbed.

2. Study this paragraph for the vigor and intensity of its language. It is the language of a man of action who also has the power to think and speak clearly.

FROM THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THOMAS JEFFERSON

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator

with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

[Here is given a list of the wrongs suffered by the colonies at the hands of the British Government.]

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to

the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. The Declaration of Independence was prepared by a committee of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman, and the actual composition was done by Jefferson. It was reported to Congress on the second of July and on the fourth was adopted after a debate in which some portions of the original draft were cut out. John Adams, writing to his wife about it, used these words:

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states. . . . The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp

and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these states. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory."

2. In the first paragraph observe the following very important matters: (a) that the action taken to create a new nation is the action of the *people.* That is, a nation is formed not by agreements among other governments or by the will of a ruler or a set of rulers, but by the will of the people making up that nation. To make this clear, remember, for example, that the wars between England and France in the old days, were wars between *kings.* Henry V thought he had a right to the territory of France, therefore he made war to secure that territory,—the people were not consulted. So also, Philip of Spain thought he could secure a claim to England by marriage with the English Queen. In recent years, one method pursued by Germany has been to get members of the German royal family on the thrones of the weaker nations in southeastern Europe. Another German method has been to form, by arbitrary action, new states, to be controlled by German influence. And the "treaty" with Russia established a number of such "nations." In no case has the will of the peoples been considered. But the United States has gone on record, in recent months, as standing for what is called "self-determination of peoples"; that is, for the principle that a people has the right to determine for itself what government it will live under. This principle is in the Declaration of Independence.

(b) The same idea is phrased in the second paragraph: "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

(c) The political equality defined in the second paragraph refers to all men. Thus we have an answer to the questions asked on pages 172, 173. The English Revolution of 1688 set Parliament above King as the representative of the people. America defined who the people are.

(d) This idea of political equality is also in Burns's poem "A Man's a Man," which though a poem is also a Declaration of Independence. Our American Declaration is the outgrowth, as we have already seen, of a long course of development.

(e) The Declaration plainly is directed against "the present King of Great Britain" who is said to be guilty of "repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny."

(f) Now try to imagine these thirteen colonies, each with its own peculiar form of government, with differences in customs and employment, widely separated and with far less ready communication than nations have today (Boston was farther from Jamestown in time than Washington is now from London or Paris)—try to imagine these separate states forming a confederation, or *league of nations* against a tyrant who sought to reduce them to his own ideas of government. Then try to see the relationship between that situation and the present. The kaiser is the George III of the present day. The allied nations, free governments, separate peoples, are in the place of the Colonies in 1776. The kaiser rejects the idea of self-determination of peoples. He would reduce all these nations to his own control, as dependencies of Germany. But the free nations have formed a League, or Confederation against him. It is a new War of Independence.

And out of it will grow what President Wilson has called "the United Peoples of the World."

3. Find out what you can about the proposed "League to Enforce Peace."

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

DANIEL WEBSTER

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own inter-

est, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit!

The war, then, must go on; we must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated.

Sir, the declaration of independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the

pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured—be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it.

All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and independence forever.

STUDIES AND NOTES

This passage is from an address on Adams and Jefferson, delivered by Webster in Boston in 1826. No record exists of any speech in support of the Declaration by John Adams, but he was a member of the Committee appointed to frame it, and both the phrasing and the ideas in the supposed speech follow closely some of Adams' writings about the events of July 2-4, 1776. Compare, for example, the extract from a letter to Mrs. Adams given on p. 231.

HALE IN THE BUSH

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
 A-saying "Oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "Oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
 For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush, as she nestled her young
 In a nest by the road, in a nest by the road;
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
 What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home
 In a cot by the brook, in a cot by the brook;
With mother and sister and memories dear,
 He so gaily forsook, he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
 The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had beat:
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place
 To make his retreat, to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood, as he passed through the wood,
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood, as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp on that dark dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murderous will:
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell;
But he trusted in love from his Father above—
In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn bass voice
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning hard by:
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die, for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,—
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral!—
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,
And said that was all, and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride, his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent, for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother—he asked not another,—
To heaven he went, to heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage:

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe—
No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave!"

STUDIES AND NOTES

The author of this ballad is unknown. It is a good example of the ballad, since it is a story, told in verse, of an event that powerfully moved the people who knew about it. One of these people composed the ballad. The poem is a tribute to Nathan Hale, who was hanged as a spy in September, 1776. You remember his dying words: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country!"

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

THOMAS PAINE

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right, not

only to tax, but to "bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has been, and still is that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace"; and his single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period ar-

rives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

The heart that feels not now, is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. These paragraphs come from a pamphlet called "The Crisis," published in 1776 by Thomas Paine. To appreciate it you should keep in mind the two-fold nature of the crisis that confronted General Washington in 1776. He had lost the battle of Long Island, had lost an army under General Greene at Fort Washington, had been compelled to retreat from New York to-

ward Philadelphia. Thus the military situation was very bad. The political situation was equally dark. Philadelphia was the center of royalist activities. Many people hoped that England would win. Washington's retreat across New Jersey was met by no sympathy. His soldiers, who had enlisted for short terms, were encouraged to desert or to resign at the end of their terms. Thus it was a time that indeed tried men's souls.

2. Find in these paragraphs sentences that show how Paine's pamphlet was designed to help meet the crisis just explained.

3. Washington ordered this pamphlet read before every company of soldiers in his army. Why did he do this? What effect do you think it must have had?

4. In what ways do Paine's words seem to you of use now? Memorize sentences that might be made part of a "Four-Minute Speech" about the war.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Our band is few but true and tried,
  Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
  When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
  Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:

When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hours that bring release
  From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts the tossing mane
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs;

Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
  Forever, from our shore.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Here is another "little picture" of the Revolution period. General Francis Marion was a sort of Robin Hood, a popular hero, leader of a band of men who worried the victorious British troops in the Carolinas in 1780-81 and assisted in driving Cornwallis north, where he surrendered at Yorktown in 1781.

2. Look up the history of the campaign in the South in 1780-81. They were dark days,—the loss of Charleston; the disaster to Gates at Camden; the weakness of the Congress; the treason of Arnold; then the triumph of General Greene and the total collapse of British power in the South.

3. The poem shows admirably the way in which the small irregular forces of Marion could annoy and even defeat the trained troops of Cornwallis. They knew the sparsely settled country,—"Our fortress is the good greenwood." The poem also shows the spirit of Marion's men—like the merry men in Robin Hood's band.

LAFAYETTE

ROBERT C. WINTHROP

Nearly two years before the treaties of Franklin were negotiated and signed, the young Lafayette, then but nine-

teen years of age, a captain of French dragoons, stationed at Metz, at a dinner given by the commandant of the garrison to the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III, happened to hear the tidings of our Declaration of Independence, which had reached the Duke that very day from London. It formed the subject of animated and excited conversation, in which the enthusiastic young soldier took part, and before he had left the table an inextinguishable spark had been struck and kindled in his breast, and his whole heart was on fire in the cause of American liberty. Regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, of the ministry, and of the king himself, in spite of every discouragement and obstacle, he soon tears himself away from a young and lovely wife, leaps on board a vessel which he had provided for himself, braves the perils of a voyage across the Atlantic, then swarming with cruisers, reaches Philadelphia by way of Charleston, South Carolina, and so wins at once the regard and confidence of the Continental Congress by his avowed desire to risk his life in our service, at his own expense, without pay or allowance of any sort, that, on the 31st of July, 1777, before he was yet quite twenty years of age, he was commissioned a major-general in the army of the United States.

It is hardly too much to say that from that dinner at Metz, and that 31st of July, in Philadelphia, may be dated the train of influences and events which culminated four years afterwards in the surrender of Cornwallis to the allied forces of America and France. Presented to our great Virginian commander-in-chief a few days only after his commission was voted by Congress, an intimacy, a friendship, an affection grew up between them almost at

sight. Invited to become a member of his military family, and treated with the tenderness of a son, Lafayette is henceforth to be not only the beloved and trusted associate of Washington, but a living tie between his native and his almost adopted country. Returning to France in January, 1779, after eighteen months of brave and valuable service here, during which he had been wounded at Brandywine, had exhibited signal gallantry and skill at Monmouth, and had received the thanks of Congress for important services in Rhode Island, he was now in the way of appealing personally to the French ministry to send an army and fleet to our assistance. He did appeal; and the zeal and force of his arguments at length prevailed. The young marquis, to whom alone the decision of the king was revealed, hastens back with eager joy to announce the glad tidings to Washington, and to arrange with him for the reception and employment of the auxiliary forces.

Accordingly, on the 10th of July, 1780, a squadron of the ships of war brings Rochambeau with six thousand French troops into the harbor of Newport, with instructions "to act under Washington, and live with the American officers as their brethren," and the American officers are forthwith desired by Washington, in General Orders,—"to wear white and black cockades as a symbol of affection for their allies."

Nearly a full year, however, was to elapse before the rich fruits of that alliance were to be developed,—a year of the greatest discouragement and gloom for the American cause. The war on our side seemed languishing. As late as the 9th of April, 1781, Washington wrote to Colonel John Laurens, who had gone on a special mission to Paris,

"If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical juncture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and now or never our deliverance must come."

God's holy name be praised, deliverance was to come, and did come, now! On the third of September, 1781, the united armies reached Philadelphia, where, Congress being in session, the French army "paid it the honors which the king had ordered us to pay," as we are told in the journal of the gallant Count William de Deux Ponts. . . . On the 19th of October the articles were signed by which the garrisons of York and Gloucester, together with all the officers and seamen of the British ships in the Chesapeake, "surrender themselves prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France."

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. These paragraphs are from an address delivered in October, 1881, on the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown. They are interesting because they tell the circumstances which interested the young Lafayette in the cause of liberty. Lafayette's motto was "Cur non"—"Why not?" and it is a good motto for those who dedicate themselves to a great work. Lafayette did what he could to make a safe place in the world for democracy. Democracy now repays its debt to France. General Pershing's words, when he arrived in Paris—"We are here, Lafayette"—express the love for France that dwells in American hearts, and America's joy that the service rendered by France in our time of need is now being repaid.

2. The "treaties of Franklin" were the treaties of alliance between the United States and France, February, 1778.

FROM THE FAREWELL TO THE ARMY

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It is not the meaning nor within the compass of this address to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which in several instances have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season; nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer and soldier must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred, by a recollection of the uncommon scenes of which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness; events which have seldom, if ever before, taken place on the stage of human action, nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who, that was not a witness, could imagine that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon; and that men, who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise and quarrel with each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who, that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness, opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men, who have contributed

so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizens, and the fruits of their labor? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuits of commerce and the cultivation of the soil will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers, who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment, and the extensive and fertile regions of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. . . .

Every one may rest assured that much, very much of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend upon the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And although the General has so frequently given it as his opinion in the most public and explicit manner that, unless the principles of the federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the nation would be lost forever; yet he cannot help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier, who may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow-citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes. . . .

To the various branches of the army the General takes this last solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare pro-

fessions were in his power; that he were really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe, that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

And being now to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes and his benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. This address was sent out to the army from Princeton, New Jersey, November 2, 1783.

2. Find, from your history, illustrations of what General Washington means by "the dark side of our past affairs."

3. In what way did these experiences lead General Washington to plead for the increase in "the powers of the Union"?

4. Note General Washington's anxiety for the future of his soldiers. In May, 1782, a movement was started in the army to establish a monarchy, with Washington as King. One reason for the proposal was the fear lest the soldiers should not be fairly treated by the people for whose freedom they had fought. Washington indignantly spurned the suggestion, but pledged his effort to secure the welfare of the men. On this subject look up the story of Washington at Valley Forge, in your history, and compare Lowell's tribute, p. 251.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Pale is the February sky
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

WASHINGTON

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one,
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—WASHINGTON.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country which has since kindled into a flame and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral,

social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from *beneath* governments to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that, having been intrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith. The

experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity forever, so full of interest, indeed, to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Destined for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by virtue, by patriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man toward man. In entering on the untried scenes early disappointment and the premature extinction of all hope of success would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him who stood at the helm.

I remarked, Gentlemen, that the whole world was and is interested in the result of this experiment. And is it not so? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true that at this moment the career which this government is running is among the most attractive objects to the civilized world? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true that at this moment that love of liberty and that understanding of its true principles which are flying over the whole earth, as on the wings of all the winds, are really and truly of American origin?

At the period of the birth of Washington there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities, except

in the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious Revolution of 1688. Everywhere else, despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One-half of Europe was crushed beneath the Bourbon scepter, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration, existed among that nation which was America's first ally. The king was the state, the king was the country, the king was all. There was one king, with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned, and the rest were all subjects, with no political right but obedience. All above was intangible power, all below was quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French chamber shows us how public opinion on these subjects is changed. A minister had spoken of the "king's subjects." "There are no subjects," exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, "in a country where the people make the king!"

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from Heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us

with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free States may be stable, as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great *Western Sun* be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. The selection is from an address delivered in Washington on February 22, 1832, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth.

2. In the first paragraph notice what is said about "the new elevation of individual man." Connect this in your thought with Burns's "A Man's a Man" and with President Wilson's statement about the "new plane of privilege." Notice also the sentence "Society . . . has raised itself from *beneath* governments to a participation *in* governments." What does this mean? What governments did Webster have in mind?

3. The English Reform Bill was passed June 4, 1832. By this law the so-called "rotten boroughs," that is, districts which still

sent representatives to Parliament though nearly all the inhabitants of the districts had moved away, were abolished. Cities and villages that had not been represented were now allowed to send members to Parliament. Thus the farmers and shopkeepers —the middle class—secured a representation formerly denied them. Even with this advance, however, England was not wholly free, since the right to vote was still limited to certain classes. "The American Experiment" trusted *all* the people, freely.

4. The nature of the "American Experiment" is explained in the second paragraph. Make this clear by contrasting England and America in 1832 on the basis of the items set down by Mr. Webster: constitution; pure representative principle; throne; castes, orders, and privileges. What is "delegated power"?

5. In the first sentence of the fourth paragraph what is meant by "so far as it went"?

6. To understand this fourth paragraph fully, you should find out something about the French Revolution. After you have done this, be prepared to discuss the following topics in class:

(a) What caused the French Revolution.

(b) How it differed from our Revolution.

(c) What Mr. Webster meant by saying that in France "the king was the state."

(d) "There are no subjects in a country where the people make the king." What event made this statement true of England?

(e) The responsibility that rests upon America (fifth paragraph).

SACRED OBLIGATIONS

DANIEL WEBSTER

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty

incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free government adheres to the American soil. It is imbedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation and there

is open to us also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. These paragraphs are taken from Mr. Webster's famous speech at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825. At this fiftieth anniversary of the battle many soldiers of the Revolution were present, but the most distinguished guest was Lafayette.

2. In the first paragraph, notice once more Mr. Webster's sense of the responsibility resting upon America to prove that popular government may be trusted. Two great charges have been brought against such a form of government: (a) That it is not *stable,* being at the mercy of mobs which may commit violent acts and even overthrow the government. On this recall what you learned

about the French Revolution. Would the Russian Revolution serve as a further example? (b) That it cannot be organized, made *one*. What this means may be seen in the idea, held by some people before the entry of America into the war, that we could not raise a great army, equip it, and train it as efficiently as Germany had done. How would you answer this question as to the *efficiency* of a democracy now?

3. Webster, like Washington, felt that the great idea for us to get is that "these States are one country." How is the present war driving this conception home to us? The administration of our railroads? the food administration? the selective draft? the co-operation of all citizens?

4. Why would Mr. Webster be glad to see all these things as answers to his hope that the American Experiment would not fail?

5. Commit to memory the last five sentences, changing "twenty-four states" to the proper number. What do the words "oppression and terror" suggest about governments today? Why do you think America stands for "Wisdom, Peace, and Liberty" today?

ODE

Sung in the Town Hall, Concord, July 4, 1857

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

O tenderly the haughty day
   Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
   And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
   Our pulses beat not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
   Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad blue fold
   O'er mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
   For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
  To build an equal state,—
To take the statute from the mind
  And make of duty fate.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
  Save underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur through the main
  Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
  The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
  Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
  Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
  Ere freedom out of man.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. This poem is inserted because it is closely connected with what we have been thinking of. John Adams, you remember, thought that July Fourth would become a day of rejoicing for all Americans. Find the passage.

2. Why is the day called "haughty"?

3. Explain

> "One third part of the sky unrolled
> For the banner of the free."

You might compare a part of a poem by Joseph Rodman Drake, written in 1819:

> When Freedom from her mountain height
>   Unfurled her standard to the air,
> She tore the azure robe of night,
>   And set the stars of glory there;
> She mingled with its gorgeous dyes

The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

4. Explain, in the fourth stanza, "Saxon kind", "equal state", "statute from the mind." To make *duty* your *fate*, the ruler of your life, is better than to live in a country where you think and act as some one else tells you to think and act. But the stanza also shows that besides *freedom* we must have *government*—that is, *liberty* is subject to *restraint*. The result is *free government*. Now explain some ways in which in America today freedom and government are combined.

5. In the fifth stanza what invention is referred to? In what other way may the messages of liberty flash across the Atlantic today?

6. Memorize the last stanza, and find in one of the selections from Webster the expression of a similar idea.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The proudest now is but my peer,
  The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
  A king of men am I.
Today, alike are great and small,
  The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
  The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
  Beside the served shall stand;

Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man today!

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. To what poem previously read does this poem refer? Compare the two poems in as many ways as you can.

2. What else, besides the right to vote, has the poor man gained in this country?

3. How does this poem help make clear the first paragraph in the Declaration of Independence?

4. Has the citizen performed his whole duty when he has voted?

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. This address was given at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, November 11, 1863. Like all of Mr. Lincoln's writings it is an illustration of intense thought and feeling compressed into a few simple words.

2. In the first paragraph, notice the reference to political equality as the basis of the American plan of government. What sentence in the Declaration of Independence is Mr. Lincoln thinking of? In a speech delivered in Independence Hall in 1861, just before he became president, Mr. Lincoln used these words: "All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. . . . It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but, I hope, to the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men." To what sentiment does he refer?

3. Do you find anything in this address that makes you think of what Mr. Lane said about the Makers of the Flag?

4. Do you find anything in the address which you can apply to the part of America in the present war?

TO MRS. BIXBY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so

overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

FROM THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
  But O heart! heart! heart!
    O the bleeding drops of red,
      Where on the deck my Captain lies,
        Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
  a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
  turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
  This arm beneath your head!
   It is some dream that on the deck,
    You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
  done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
  But I with mournful tread,
   Walk the deck my Captain lies,
    Fallen cold and dead.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Walt Whitman wrote several poems about the death of Lincoln, whom he deeply loved. This is the most famous of the poems, but perhaps you will wish to look up "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," which describes the journey of the train bearing the body of the martyred President from Washington to Springfield, Illinois.

2. What does the poet mean by the ship? What port has been reached?

OUR MARTYR-CHIEF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,

Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World mold aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
Nothing of Europe here—
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface:
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not: it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes:
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. These lines are taken from a poem written in commemoration of the Harvard men who fell in the war. Notice that Mr. Lowell calls Lincoln "the first American." For what reason? Could not Washington be given such a title? Be ready to give your reasons for or against applying the name to Washington.

2. Explain "Old-World mold," "shepherd of mankind," "nothing of Europe here." Plutarch was a historian of the first century who wrote biographies of a large number of famous Greeks and Romans.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Woodrow Wilson

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any

home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an

horizon which those about him dreamed not of,—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born,—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaf-

fectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man,—I would rather say of a spirit,—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world,—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome,—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of his own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon

a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. This address was delivered at the Lincoln Birthplace, Hodgenville, Kentucky, on September 4, 1916. On this occasion the farm on which Lincoln was born was presented to the nation.

2. Why is the little cabin in which Lincoln was born "eloquent of the vigor of democracy"? What stanzas in Gray's *Elegy* speak of the powers that may be possessed by men of humble birth? What, in Gray's time, usually prevented such powers from becoming realized? What had happened in the world since then to make possible what Mr. Wilson speaks of? What are the "authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy"?

3. In the second paragraph, Mr. Wilson speaks of the "mystery of democracy." What is it? Is the story of Lincoln merely the story of a boy who was born in a log cabin and afterwards attained a high place? Is the *log cabin* the secret? Or is it something else about Lincoln that is in Mr. Wilson's mind here? What is said about Lincoln's "heart," his "mind," and his "nature"?

4. Study the meaning of "catholic and benignant sympathy." Look up the word "familiar," as here used, in your dictionary.

5. Why is Lincoln's birthplace "a place alike of mystery and of reassurance"?

6. In the third paragraph is a definition of freedom. Find it. To Sir Thomas Wentworth (see page 207) the sign of liberty was what? What does Mr. Burke say about this? (See page 212.) What is a sign of freedom to Burns? (See pages 199, 200.) To Whittier? (See page 261.) Ralph Waldo Emerson said that America means Opportunity. Opportunity for what, as Mr. Wilson points out here?

7. "He is only one example among many." Be prepared to tell about some others.

8. Compare what Mr. Wilson says about Lincoln as a typical American with what you have studied on this subject before.

9. The key to the last paragraph is in the reference to the vestal fire. Look up "vestal" in the dictionary. Then read carefully through the paragraph, noting such words as "rekindled," "life-giving heat," "transmute," "lift a great light." Next study the sentence about "the commands of democracy." Does a man keep these commands if he pays taxes, votes, and keeps out of jail?

10. Thus you need to add to your ideas about freedom (the taxation test, the equality test, the voting test, the opportunity test) a new definition. You will find it in the sentence about "the object of democracy." Put the idea in your own words. Give some illustrations.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

William Cullen Bryant

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven;
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison-walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.
Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age—
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven.

STUDIES AND NOTES

1. Mr. Wilson's address, you will remember, closed with the idea that Freedom puts upon us duties as well as privileges. "Constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty"—the *forms* of government that we have, do not of themselves make certain that we shall always be a free nation. We are all "makers of the flag."

2. This poem by Mr. Bryant presents the truth in the form of a picture. He helps you to see the spirit of Freedom as a painter would represent it in colors, or as a sculptor would represent it in marble. Imagine yourself to be the artist and try to see, "in your mind's eye," the picture or the statue.

3. Freedom, you will see, is not like a young girl, freed from slavery by a Roman master, but a man grown strong through centuries of struggle. See how each line makes clearer the picture.

4. The picture of the early days, in which the Spirit of Freedom was like a shepherd, watching his flock, and playing simple

tunes upon a reed (an instrument somewhat like a flute), suggests how men lived before Tyranny was born. Why is Tyranny younger than Freedom?

5. The third picture is of the strong man in danger of being trapped by enemies who seem unimportant. Tyranny is represented here as an old magician, like Comus (see page 166). What fetters do you think the poet has in mind? Notice that Tyranny takes many forms—a jailer, a magician. We might add, from Beowulf, the dragon.

6. Now return to the passage beginning in line 5: "A bearded man," etc. Think of the incidents in the long story that has been set forth in this section about THE BUILDERS AND THEIR WORK, from the story of Beowulf to the death of Lincoln, both of them martyrs in the age-long fight for freedom. What are the "old wars" Mr. Bryant refers to and which you now know about? At what times, though the tyrant thought the free spirit of man was bound, has the tyrant been overcome?

7. Finally, apply this picture of the never-ending contest to Germany, the new form which the dragon has taken, and to the Allies, the new Beowulf.

THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;

'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

PART THREE

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

You remember Arthur's wonderful sword, Excalibur, with its mysterious inscriptions. On one side were the words "Keep Me," and on the other, "Throw Me Away." You are now ready for an explanation of these magic words. It is a sort of initiation into a brotherhood.

"Keep Me"—that is your life. It is a weapon given you for your work in the world. How it has gained value the long story of Part II has told you, for it is the first great principle of Democracy that every man's life has value, is something to be developed. Democracy gives every man a chance for this development. So "Keep Me" means that you are to get the best education you can and then that you are to make the best possible farmer or merchant or engineer or lawyer or doctor out of yourself. You are the builder of your own fortune. In free America you do not follow a calling or business because the government tells you to. You do not hold your opinions because the government tells you what to think. But you should also remember that you have no right to loaf, or to refuse to make for yourself the greatest career of which you are capable, or to think lazily or not at all. Excalibur, Sword of Life, is in your hands. "Keep Me!" is the command; "Use me like a man, not like a coward or a slave!"

But you also hear the command, "Throw Me Away!" What this means, also, you have learned in this long story. Your life is not yours alone. Or, rather, it is never so

much yours as when you throw it away, use it for others, join in those great enterprises of the human spirit of which you have heard so much in this book.

The most wonderful thing about life in America today is that people are finding out the blessedness of giving themselves. Whether it is going without sugar that the soldiers may have it, or wheat that starving children in France may have it, or some luxury that a smile may come to the tired little face of a Belgian baby—it is all the same. Or whether men give themselves more completely,—the riveter in the ship yard who thinks not of the wages but of the ship that is to carry food to hungry France; the farmer who raises more food crops than ever before, not because he can make more money, but because the world is starving; the business man who thinks only of serving the needs of the country for thorough business organization; the soldier and the sailor who fight for the freedom of the world,—once more, it is all the same. And the Red Cross worker, the physician, the men and women who sell Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, and all those who deny themselves in order to give or lend their money—all are living up to the command written on the bright Sword of Life: "Throw Me Away!" In all this we find the second great law of Democracy—coöperation of all for the good of all.

Now let us read two fine expressions of these ideas of brotherhood and of sacrifice. The first was written by a little girl, a school girl of France, as a greeting to America. It tells how the brave, suffering people of Lafayette's country felt when they learned that America was coming to their aid. And the second comes from a

speech by that great Welshman, Lloyd George, who is Prime Minister of Great Britain. You remember that you learned, earlier in the book, that he belongs to the race to which King Arthur, wielder of the sword Excalibur, belonged.

TO AMERICA

BY A SCHOOL GIRL OF FRANCE

It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But this distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

The ocean is so vast the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other, hearts are touching.

THE HILLS OF SACRIFICE

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

I envy you young people your youth. They have put up the age limit for the Army, but I march, I am sorry to say, a good many years even beyond that. But still our turn will come. It is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come today to you; it has come today to us all, in

the form of the glory and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same end. It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste, which has cast its shadow upon two generations of men, and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives. They have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honor their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength.

But their reward is at hand. Those who have fallen have consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe, a new world. I can see signs of its coming in the glare of the battlefield. The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present moment. It is true they will be rid of the menace to their freedom. But that is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict; a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old. I see a new recognition amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness; a new recognition that the honor of a country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well. It is a new patriotism, it is bringing a new outlook for all classes. A great flood of luxury and of sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you, in a simple parable, what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea—a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hills above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill-tops, and by the great spectacle of that great valley.

We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation; the great peaks of honor we had forgotten—duty and patriotism clad in glittering white; the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are unshaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.

I. ALLIES

In the selections that follow you will catch something of the spirit of love and devotion that has bound the Allies together through years of bitter struggle. The first two poems show how brave Belgium cast herself in the way of the tyrant and stayed his hordes until France and England could get ready. The three poems about France are filled

with the spirit that has made the country of Jeanne d'Arc and Lafayette the admiration of the world. Miss Cone's "Chant of Love for England" is an answer to a famous German poem of hate. This poem contains more allusions to events in history than the others, but most of them you can understand from your reading of Part II and the others you will find explained in the Glossary.

Next you will read two of the many messages of welcome to America upon our entry into the war. The first of these gives a vivid picture of these great champions of Democracy, Allies, as they attack with the dawn. The second refers to Walt Whitman ("your rugged poet") and to Abraham Lincoln. It also tells why Italy is one of the Allies. The summary of America's reasons for entering the war will help you to recall some matters that you first learned about in Part I, and President Wilson's famous "Force" speech may be regarded as the Pledge of America that the cruel and unrighteous power that attacked Belgium and France shall be completely crushed so that free and inoffensive people shall never again feel its threat.

BELGIUM THE BAR-LASS

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

The night was still. The King sat with the Queen.
She sang. Her maidens spun. A peaceful scene.
Sudden, wild echoes shake the castle wall.
Their foes come crashing through the outer hall.
They rush like thunder down the gallery floor . . .
. . . Someone has stolen the bolt that bars the door!
No pin to hold the loops, no stick, no stave,
Nothing! An open door, an open grave!
Then Catherine Bar-lass thrust her naked arm

(A girl's arm, white as milk, alive and warm)
Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone:
"'Twill hold (she said) until they break the bone—
My King, you have one instant to prepare!"
She said no more, because the thrust was there.

Oft have I heard that tale of Scotland's King,
The Poet, and Kate the Bar-lass. (Men will sing
For aye the deed one moment brings to birth—
Such moments are the ransom of our Earth.)
Brave Belgium, Bar-lass of our western world,
Who, when the treacherous Prussian tyrant hurled
His hordes against our peace, thrust a slight hand,
So firm, to bolt our portals and withstand,
Whatever prove the glory of our affray,
Thine arm, thy heart, thine act have won the day!

HEART OF ALL THE WORLD

(Belgium)

MARION C. SMITH

Heartstruck she stands—Our Lady of all Sorrows—
  Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze;
Facing the shadow of her dark tomorrows,
  Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

Yet is she queen by every royal token,
  There, where the storm of desolation swirled:
Crowned only with the thorn—despoiled and broken—
  Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendor,
  She rose like flame upon the darkened ways;
So, through the anguish of her proud surrender
  Breaks the clear vision of undying praise.

THE SOUL OF JEANNE D'ARC

THEODOSIA GARRISON

She came not into the Presence as a martyred saint might come,
Crowned, white-robed, and adoring, with very reverence dumb,—
She stood as a straight young soldier, confident, gallant, strong,
Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden hush of the drum.

She said: "Now have I stayed too long in this my place of bliss,
With these glad dead that, comforted, forget what sorrow is
Upon that world whose stony stairs they climbed to come to this.

"But lo, a cry hath torn the peace wherein so long I stayed,
Like a trumpet's call at Heaven's wall from a herald unafraid,—
A million voices in one cry, *'Where is the Maid, the Maid?'*

"I had forgot from too much joy that olden task of mine,
But I have heard a certain word shatter the chant divine,
Have watched a banner glow and grow before mine eyes for sign.

"I would return to that my land flung in the teeth of war,
I would cast down my robe and crown that pleasure me no more,
And don the armor that I knew, the valiant sword I bore.

"And angels militant shall fling the gates of Heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed like leaves on war's red tide
Shall cross their swords above our heads and cheer us as we ride.

"For with me goes that soldier saint, St. Michael of the sword,
And I shall ride on his right side, a page beside his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to reap a sure reward.

"Grant that I answer this my call, yea, though the end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last, long agony;
I would go singing down that road where fagots wait for me.

"Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke above my head;
So might I glow, a torch to show the path my heroes tread;
My Captain! Oh, my Captain, let me go back!" she said.

QUI VIVE?

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Qui vive? Who passes by up there?
Who moves—what stirs in the startled air?
What whispers, thrills, exults up there?
Qui vive?
"The Flags of France."

What wind on a windless night is this,
That breathes as light as a lover's kiss,
That blows through the night with bugle notes,
That streams like a pennant from a lance,
That rustles, that floats?
"The Flags of France."

What richly moves, what lightly stirs,
Like a noble lady in a dance,
When all men's eyes are in love with hers
And needs must follow?
"The Flags of France."

What calls to the heart—and the heart has heard—
Speaks, and the soul has obeyed the word—
Summons, and all the years advance,
And the world goes forward with France—with France?
Who called?
"The Flags of France."

What flies—a glory, through the night,
While the legions stream—a line of light,
And men fall to the left and fall to the right,
But *they* fall not?
"The Flags of France."

Qui vive? Who comes? What approaches there?
What soundless tumult, what breath in the air
Takes the breath in the throat, the blood from the heart?
In a flame of dark, to the unheard beat
Of an unseen drum and fleshless feet,
Without glint of barrel or bayonets' glance,
They approach—they come. Who comes? (Hush! Hark!)
"Qui vive?"
"The Flags of France."

Uncover the head and kneel—kneel down;
A monarch passes, without a crown.
Let the proud tears fall but the heart beat high:
The Greatest of All is passing by,
On its endless march in the endless Plan:
"Qui vive?"
"The Spirit of Man."

"O Spirit of Man, pass on! Advance!"
And they who lead, who hold the van?
Kneel down!
"The Flags of France."

VIVE LA FRANCE!

CHARLOTTE H. CRAWFORD

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!

But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face—
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months-old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.'

Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle,*
For we're going by-by to thy Papa Michel;
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they march like a pantomime;
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then, where is he?
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell:
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"Vive la France!"

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND*

HELEN GRAY CONE

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;

*Taken by permission of the E. P. Dutton Company from *A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems.*

Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Here is the story, here be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
England!

ATTACKING WITH THE DAWN

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

I am the last man in the world, knowing for three years what our difficulties have been, what our anxieties have been, and what our fears have been—I am the last man in the world to say that the succor which is given from America is not in itself something to rejoice at, and to rejoice at greatly. But I also say that I value more the

knowledge that America is going to win a right to be at the conference table when the terms of peace are discussed.

That conference will settle the destiny of nations and the course of human life for God knows how many years. It would have been a tragedy, a tragedy for mankind, if America had not been there, and there with all her influence and her power.

I can see peace, not a peace to be a beginning of war, not a peace which will be an endless preparation for strife and bloodshed, but a real peace. The world is an old world. You have never had the racking wars that have rolled like an ocean over Europe.

Europe has always lived under the menace of the sword. When this war began, two-thirds of Europe was under autocratic rule. Now it is the other way about, and democracy means peace. The democracy of France hesitated; the democracy of Italy hesitated long before it entered; the democracy of this country sprang back with a shudder and would never have entered that caldron had it not been for the invasion of Belgium; and if Prussia had been a democracy, there would have been no war.

Many strange things have happened in this war, aye, and stranger things will come, and they are coming rapidly. There are times in history when this world spins so leisurely along its destined course that it seems for centuries to be at a standstill. There are awful times when it rushes along at giddying pace, covering the track of centuries in a year. Those are the times we are living in now. Six weeks ago Russia was an autocracy. She now is one of the most advanced democracies in the world.

Today we are waging one of the most devastating wars that the world has ever seen. Tomorrow, tomorrow, not perhaps distant tomorrows, war may be abolished forever from the category of human crimes. This may be something like that fierce outburst of winter which we now are witnessing before we complete the time for the summer.

It is written of those gallant men who won that victory on Monday, from Canada, from Australia, and from this old country—it has proved that in spite of its age it is not decrepit—it is written of those gallant men that they attacked at dawn. Fitting work for the dawn—to drive out of forty miles of French soil those miscreants who had defiled her freedom. They attacked with the dawn. It is a significant phrase.

The great nations represented in the struggle for freedom—they are the heralds of dawn. They attacked with dawn, and those men are marching forward in the full radiance of that dawn, and soon Frenchmen and Americans, British and Russians, aye, Serbians, and Belgians, Montenegrins, and Roumanians, will emerge into the full light of a perfect day.

AMERICA, A BEACON LIGHT OF PEACE

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

For the soul of Italy today the capitol at Washington has become a beacon light. A Roman garland wreathes the bust dedicated to the hero whom free men call the glorious knight of humanity.

It is a garland pure as the branch of lilac offered by a poet on the bier of Lincoln. It is sacred as the ever flow-

ering bough "with heart-shaped leaves of rich green." It seems as though in this April of passion and tempest there reëchoes the cry of that April, tense with joy and anguish "O captain! My captain, rise up! Hear the bells. Rise up, for your flag is flung."

Now the group of stars on the banner of the great republic has become a constellation of the spring, like Pleiades; a propitious sign to sailors, armed and unarmed alike; a spiritual token for all nations fighting a righteous war. I give the salute of Italy, of the Roman capitol, to the capitol at Washington; a salute to the people of the union, who now confirm and seal the pledge that liberty shall be preserved.

To Italy alone of the allied nations the possibility was open of avoiding war and remaining a passive spectator. Italy took up arms gladly, less for the reconquest of her heritage than for the salvation of all the things which symbolize the grandeur of freedom. She armed herself, as today the American nation is arming herself, for the sake of an ideal. The spontaneous act consummated by the fellow-countrymen of Washington is a glorious sacrifice on behalf of the hopes of all mankind.

America has achieved a new birth. She has molded for herself a new heart. This is the miracle wrought by a righteous war, the miracle that unexpectedly today we of Italy see performed beyond an ocean dishonored by assassins and thieves.

Our war is not destructive. It is creative. With all manner of atrocities, all manner of shameful acts, the barbarian has striven to destroy the ideal which, until this struggle began, man had of man. The barbarian heaped

upon the innocent, infamous outrages inspired by hate, alternating senile imprudence and brutal stupidity. The barbarian ground heroism to earth, cast down the airy cathedrals where congregated the aspirations of the eternal soul, burned the seats of wisdom decked with the flowers of all the arts; distorted the lineaments of Christ, tore off the garments of the Virgin.

Now once again we begin to have hope of the nobility of man. Love's face is radiant, though its eyes are moist with tears, for never was love so much beloved. Love overflows on all the world like a brook in May. Our hearts are not large enough to gather it and to hold it.

The people of Lincoln, springing to their feet to defend the eternal spirit of man, today increase immeasurably this sum of love opposed to fury, the fury of the barbarian.

"Ah! Liberty. Let others despair of thee. I will never despair of thee," once cried your rugged poet. In this hope your nation arises today, in the north, south, east, west, to offer your strength, proclaiming our cause to be the noblest cause for which men have ever fought. You were an enormous and obtuse mass of riches and power; now you are transfigured into ardent, active spirituality. The roll of your drums drowns out the last wail of doubt.

April 15th is the anniversary of Lincoln's death. From his sepulcher there issue again the noble words which fell from his lips at Gettysburg, on soil sanctified by the blood of brave men. All your states, north, south, east, west, hear them. I say to you that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."

WHY WE ARE FIGHTING GERMANY

FRANKLIN K. LANE

Why are we fighting Germany? The brief answer is that ours is a war of self-defense. We did not wish to fight Germany. She made the attack upon us; not on our shores, but on our ships, our lives, our rights, our future. For two years and more we held to a neutrality that made us apologists for things which outraged man's common sense of fair play and humanity. At each new offense—the invasion of Belgium, the killing of civilian Belgians, the attacks on Scarborough and other defenseless towns, the laying of mines in neutral waters, the fencing off of the seas—and on and on through the months we said: "This is war—archaic, uncivilized war, but war! All rules have been thrown away, all nobility; man has come down to the primitive brute. And while we cannot justify, we will not intervene. It is not our war."

Then why are we in? Because we could not keep out. The invasion of Belgium, which opened the war, led to the invasion of the United States by slow, steady, logical steps. Our sympathies evolved into a conviction of self-interest. Our love of fair play ripened into alarm at our own peril. . . .

And so we came into this war for ourselves. It is a war to save America—to preserve self-respect, to justify our right to live as we have lived, not as some one else wishes us to live. In the name of freedom we challenge with ships and men, money, and an undaunted spirit, that word "Verboten" which Germany has written upon the sea and upon the land. For America is not the name of so much territory. It is a living spirit, born in travail, grown in the

rough school of bitter experience, a living spirit which has purpose and pride and conscience—knows why it wishes to live and to what end, knows how it comes to be respected of the world, and hopes to retain that respect by living on with the light of Lincoln's love of man as its Old and New Testament. It is more precious that this America should live than that we Americans should live. And this America, as we now see, has been challenged from the first of this war by the strong arm of a power that has no sympathy with our purpose and will not hesitate to destroy us if the law that we respect, and the rights that are to us sacred, or the spirit that we have, stand across her set will to make this world bow before her policies, backed by her organized and scientific military system. The world of Christ—a neglected but not a rejected Christ—has come again face to face with the world of Mahomet, who willed to win by force.

With this background of history and in this sense, then, we fight Germany—

Because of Belgium—invaded, outraged, enslaved, impoverished Belgium. We cannot forget Liége, Louvain, and Cardinal Mercier. Translated into terms of American history, these names stand for Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Patrick Henry.

Because of France—invaded, desecrated France, a million of whose heroic sons have died to save the land of Lafayette. Glorious, golden France, the preserver of the arts, the land of noble spirit—the first to follow our land into republican liberty.

Because of England—from whom came the laws, traditions, standards of life, and inherent love of liberty which

we call Anglo-Saxon civilization. We defeated her once upon the land and once upon the sea. But Australia, New Zealand, Africa, and Canada are free because of what we did. And they are with us in the fight for the freedom of the seas.

Because of Russia—new Russia. She must not be overwhelmed now. Not now, surely, when she is just born into freedom. Her peasants must have their chance; they must go to school to Washington, to Jefferson, and to Lincoln until they know their way about in this new, strange world of government by the popular will.

Because of other peoples, with their rising hope that the world may be freed from government by the soldier.

We are fighting Germany because she sought to terrorize us and then to fool us. We could not believe that Germany would do what she said she would do upon the seas.

We still hear the piteous cries of children coming up out of the sea where the Lusitania went down, and Germany has never asked forgiveness of the world.

We saw the Sussex sunk, crowded with the sons and daughters of neutral nations.

We saw ship after ship sent to the bottom—ships of mercy bound out of America for the Belgium starving; ships carrying the Red Cross and laden with the wounded of all nations; ships carrying food and clothing to friendly, harmless, terrorized peoples; ships flying the Stars and Stripes—sent to the bottom hundreds of miles from shore, manned by American seamen, murdered against all law, without warning. . . .

We are fighting Germany because in this war feudalism is making its last stand against on-coming democracy. We

see it now. This is a war against an old spirit, an ancient, outworn spirit. It is a war against feudalism—the right of the castle on the hill to rule the village below. It is a war for democracy—the right of all to be their own masters.

America speaks for the world in fighting Germany. Mark on a map those countries which are Germany's allies and you will mark but four, running from the Baltic through Austria and Bulgaria to Turkey. All the other nations the whole globe around are in arms against her or are unable to move. There is deep meaning in this. We fight with the world for an honest world in which nations keep their word, for a world in which nations do not live by swagger or by threat, for a world in which men think of the ways in which they can conquer the common cruelties of nature instead of inventing more horrible cruelties to inflict upon the spirit and body of man, for a world in which the ambition or the philosophy of a few shall not make miserable all mankind, for a world in which the man is held more precious than the machine, the system, or the state.

AMERICA'S PLEDGE

WOODROW WILSON

[*A Speech Delivered at Baltimore, April* 6, 1918]

Fellow-Citizens: This is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of freemen everywhere. The nation is awake. There is no need to call to it. We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men, and, if need be, all that we possess.

The loan we are met to discuss is one of the least parts of what we are called upon to give and to do, though in itself imperative. The people of the whole country are alive to the necessity of it and are ready to lend to the utmost, even where it involves a sharp skimping and daily sacrifice to lend out of meager earnings. They will look with reprobation and contempt upon those who can and will not, upon those who demand a higher rate of interest, upon those who think of it as a mere commercial transaction. I have not come, therefore, to urge the loan. I have come only to give you, if I can, a more vivid conception of what it is for.

The reasons for this great war, the reason why it had to come, the need to fight it through, and the issues that hang upon its outcome, are more clearly disclosed now than ever before. It is easy to see just what this particular loan means, because the cause we are fighting for stands more sharply revealed than at any previous crisis of the momentous struggle. The man who knows least can now see plainly how the cause of justice stands, and what the imperishable thing he is asked to invest in is. Men in America may be more sure than they ever were before that the cause is their own, and that, if it should be lost, their own great nation's place and mission in the world would be lost with it.

I call you to witness, my fellow-countrymen, that at no stage of this terrible business have I judged the purposes of Germany intemperately. I should be ashamed in the presence of affairs so grave, so fraught with the destinies of mankind throughout all the world, to speak with truculence, to use the weak language of hatred or vindictive pur-

pose. We must judge as we would be judged. I have sought to learn the objects Germany has in this war from the mouths of her own spokesmen, and to deal as frankly with them as I wished them to deal with me. I have laid bare our own ideals, our own purposes, without reserve or doubtful phrase, and have asked them to say as plainly what it is that they seek.

We have ourselves proposed no injustice, no aggression. We are ready, whenever the final reckoning is made, to be just to the German people, deal fairly with the German power, as with all others. There can be no difference between peoples in the final judgment, if it is indeed to be a righteous judgment. To propose anything but justice, even-handed and dispassionate justice, to Germany at any time, whatever the outcome of the war, would be to renounce and dishonor our own cause, for we ask nothing that we are not willing to accord.

It has been with this thought that I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion and the execution of their own will upon the other nations of the world that the German leaders were seeking. They have answered—answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice, but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will.

The avowal has not come from Germany's statesmen. It has come from her military leaders, who are her real rulers. Her statesmen have said that they wished peace, and were ready to discuss its terms whenever their opponents were willing to sit down at the conference table with them. Her present Chancellor has said—in indefinite and uncertain terms, indeed, and in phrases that often seem to deny their

own meaning, but with as much plainness as he thought prudent—that he believed that peace should be based upon the principles which we had declared would be our own in the final settlement.

At Brest-Litovsk her civilian delegates spoke in similar terms; professed their desire to conclude a fair peace and accord to the peoples with whose fortunes they were dealing the right to choose their own allegiances. But action accompanied and followed the profession. Their military masters, the men who act for Germany and exhibit her purpose in execution, proclaimed a very different conclusion. We cannot mistake what they have done—in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine, in Roumania. The real test of their justice and fair play has come. From this we may judge the rest.

They are enjoying in Russia a cheap triumph in which no brave or gallant nation can long take pride. A great people, helpless by their own act, lies for the time at their mercy. Their fair professions are forgotten. They nowhere set up justice, but everywhere impose their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement, and the peoples of conquered provinces are invited to be free under their dominion!

Are we not justified in believing that they would do the same things at their western front if they were not there face to face with armies whom even their countless divisions cannot overcome? If, when they have felt their check to be final, they should propose favorable and equitable terms with regard to Belgium and France and Italy, could they blame us if we concluded that they did so only to assure themselves of a free hand in Russia and the East?

Their purpose is, undoubtedly, to make all the Slavic people, all the free and ambitious nations of the Baltic Peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled, subject to their will and ambition, and build upon that dominion an empire of force upon which they fancy that they can then erect an empire of gain and commercial supremacy—an empire as hostile to the Americas as to the Europe which it will over-awe—an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India, and the peoples of the Far East.

In such a program our ideals, the ideals of justice and humanity and liberty, the principle of the free self-determination of nations, upon which all the modern world insists, can play no part. They are rejected for the ideals of power, for the principle that the strong must rule the weak, that trade must follow the flag, whether those to whom it is taken welcome it or not, that the peoples of the world are to be made subject to the patronage and overlordship of those who have the power to enforce it.

That program once carried out, America and all who care or dare to stand with her must arm and prepare themselves to contest the mastery of the world—a mastery in which the rights of common men, the rights of women and of all who are weak, must for the time being be trodden underfoot and disregarded and the old, age-long struggle for freedom and right begin again at its beginning. Everything that America has lived for and loved and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind!

The thing is preposterous and impossible; and yet is

not that what the whole course and action of the German armies have meant wherever they have moved? I do not wish, even in this moment of utter disillusionment, to judge harshly or unrighteously. I judge only what the German arms have accomplished with unpitying thoroughness throughout every fair region they have touched.

What, then, are we to do? For myself, I am ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely purposed—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike. But the answer, when I proposed such a peace, came from the German commanders in Russia, and I cannot mistake the meaning of the answer.

I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. It shall appear in the utter sacrifice and self-forgetfulness with which we shall give all that we love and all that we have to redeem the world and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in. This now is the meaning of all that we do. Let everything that we say, my fellow-countrymen, everything that we henceforth plan and accomplish, ring true to this response till the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear.

Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it or dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall

make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.

II. BATTLES AND HEROES

We have now seen what spirit animates the Allies, how they interpret their cause, and the pledges they have given to overthrow the enemy of Freedom. Now we are to see something of the individual soldier—his bravery, and the victories that he wins. These are stories of men who have obeyed the command, "Throw Me Away!" All may be summed up in the story of the French boy, whose arm was so crushed in battle that it was necessary to take it off. At the end of the operation, the surgeon said, "It is too bad that you had to lose your right arm." The boy's eyes flashed. "I didn't lose it," he said; "I *gave* it—to France!"

THE HELL-GATE OF SOISSONS

HERBERT KAUFMAN

My name is Darino, the poet. You have heard? *Oui, Comédie Française.*
Perchance it has happened, *mon ami,* you know of my unworthy lays.
Ah, then you must guess how my fingers are itching to talk to a pen;
For I was at Soissons, and saw it, the death of the twelve Englishmen.

My leg, *malheureusement,* I left it behind on the banks of the Aisne.
Regret? I would pay with the other to witness their valor again.
A trifle, indeed, I assure you, to give for the honor to tell
How that handful of British, undaunted, went into the Gateway of Hell.

Let me draw you a plan of the battle. Here we French and your Engineers stood;
Over there a detachment of German sharpshooters lay hid in a wood.
A *mitrailleuse* battery planted on top of this well chosen ridge
Held the road for the Prussians and covered the direct approach to the bridge.

It was madness to dare the dense murder that spewed from those ghastly machines.
(Only those who have danced to its music can know what the *mitrailleuse* means.)
But the bridge on the Aisne was a menace; our safety demanded its fall:
"Engineers—volunteers!" In a body, the Royals stood out at the call.

Death at best was the fate of that mission—to their glory not one was dismayed.
A party was chosen—and seven survived till the powder was laid.
And *they* died with their fuses unlighted. Another detachment! Again
A sortie is made—all too vainly. The bridge still commanded the Aisne.

We were fighting two foes—Time and Prussia—the moments were worth more than troops.
We must blow up the bridge. A lone soldier darts out from the Royals and swoops
For the fuse! Fate seems with us. We cheer him; he answers—our hopes are reborn!
A ball rips his visor—his khaki shows red where another has torn.

Will he live—will he last—will he make? *Hélas!* And so near to the goal!

A second, he dies! Then a third one! A fourth! Still the
Germans take toll!
A fifth—*magnifique!* It is magic! How does he escape
them? He may—
Yes, he *does!* See, the match flares! A rifle rings out
from the wood and says "Nay!"

Six, seven, eight, nine take their places, six, seven, eight,
nine brave their hail;
Six, seven, eight, nine—how we count them! But the sixth,
seventh, eighth, and ninth fail!
A tenth! *Sacré nom!* But these English are soldiers—
they know how to try;
(He fumbles the place where his jaw was)—they show, too,
how heroes can die.

Ten we count—ten who ventured, unquailing—ten there
were—and ten are no more!
Yet another salutes and superbly essays where the ten
failed before.
God of Battles, look down and protect him! Lord, his
heart is as Thine—let him live!
But the *mitrailleuse* splutters and stutters, and riddles him
into a sieve.

Then I thought of my sins, and sat waiting the charge that
we could not withstand.
And I thought of my beautiful Paris, and gave a last look
at the land,
At France, my belle France, in her glory of blue sky and
green field and wood.
Death with honor, but never surrender. And to die with
such men—it was good.

They are forming—the bugles are blaring—they will cross
in a moment, and then—
When out of the line of the Royals—(your island, *mon ami,*
breeds men)

Burst a private, a tawny-haired giant—it was hopeless, but,
ciel! how he ran!
Bon Dieu please remember the pattern, and make many
more on his plan!

No cheers from our ranks, and the Germans, they halted
in wonderment, too;
See, he reaches the bridge; ah! he lights it! I am dreaming,
it *cannot* be true.
Screams of rage! *Fusillade!* They have killed him! Too
late, though; the good work is done.
By the valor of twelve English martyrs, the Hell-Gate of
Soissons is won!

FILE THREE

PAYSON S. WILD

["General Pershing stopped in his walk, turned sharply, and faced File Three."—*London Dispatch.*]

File Three stood motionless and pale,
Of nameless pedigree;
One of a hundred on detail—
But would I had been he!

In years a youth, but worn and old,
With face of ivory;
Upon his sleeve two strands of gold—
Oh, would I had been he!

The General passed down the line,
And walked right rapidly,
But saw those threads and knew the sign—
Ah, had I been File Three!

"Twice wounded? Tell me where you were,"
The man of stars asked he.
"Givenchy and Lavenze, sir"—
Oh, where was *I*, File Three!

Then crisply quoth the General:
"You are a man, File Three."
And Tommy's heart held carnival—
God! Would I had been he!

YOUR LAD, AND MY LAD

RANDALL PARRISH

Down toward the deep-blue water, marching to throb of drum,
From city street and country lane the lines of khaki come;
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim appeal,
While rays of western sunshine flash back from burnished steel.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame the serried ranks advance;
And your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to France.

A sob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweep by,
Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great ships lie;
The batteries halt, the columns wheel, to clear-toned bugle-call,
With shoulders squared and faces front they stand a khaki wall.
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in every glance;
For your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to France.

Before them, through a mist of years, in soldier buff or blue,
Brave comrades from a thousand fields watch now in proud review;
The same old Flag, the same old Faith—the Freedom of the World—

Spells Duty in those flapping folds above long ranks unfurled.
Strong are the hearts which bear along Democracy's advance,
As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to France.

The word rings out, a million feet tramp forward on the road,
Along that path of sacrifice o'er which their fathers strode.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, with cheers on smiling lips,
These fighting men of '17 move onward to their ships.
Nor even love may hold them back, or halt that stern advance,
As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to France.

A DISPATCH BEARER

From the *Bulletin of the Alliance Française*

It was when the battle was being fought at Chateau-Thierry. The Germans had got as far as storming the town itself; their attack was breaking against the Marne: the blowing up of the bridge had stopped them, at the moment when they thought themselves masters of that way of access toward the south. They were seeking for other means of crossing the river, incessantly bringing up new forces. Under the shells the houses were crashing down, threatening to engulf the defenders of the burning city. At intervals the scene was lit up by the crude glare of the rockets sent up by the assailants, which preserve their brilliance for nearly two minutes.

In the "poste de commandement" of a Colonel there suddenly appears a sort of phantom. It is a man, abso-

lutely naked, holding a paper between his teeth. He is soaked, and streaming with water.

"Who are you?" asks the Colonel.

The specter makes a gesture to show that he does not want to touch the paper with his wet hands. It is taken from him, and the contents of the note are read.

It comes from a major. His battalion has remained in the ruins of the old ramparts overlooking the church on the north side. Surrounded by enemy masses, this battalion has been holding fast for twelve hours. The major, determined not to allow himself to be taken prisoner, announces that he is about to attempt to join the French troops on the opposite shore, and requests that an improvised foot-bridge be got ready. A sortie, in circumstances such as those, is a mad undertaking, perhaps. But so much heroism is spent each day that this determination can cause no astonishment.

The naked man, who has brought the news of it, swimming across the Marne under cross fires, is a colonial, belonging to the small surrounded garrison. He volunteered for the mission which he has just accomplished.

"What is your name?" asks the colonel.

"Legars."

"But how did you manage to get here?"

"Well, sir, I hardly know how. I slipped through the hands of the Boches—then, on the edge of the water, I quickly undressed—I am only wondering if I shall find my uniform again."

"Are you wounded?"

"No—it is only a bullet scratch. You see, they are falling pretty thick!"

"Get warm, my man. I have no coffee to offer you, but take this blanket."

"No time, sir—I've got to go back there, you see, to give your answer to the major."

"You are going back?"

"They are waiting for me."

The colonel writes a few words and hands them to Legars.

"Good luck go with you."

"I shall do my best to make it."

The colonial, a Breton, is about to disappear. The Colonel calls him back.

"And I say," he resumes, shaking the man's hand, "it means the *médaille militaire* when you get back."

"Oh!" answers Legars, "why?"

He sets off. Toward the end of the night, the battalion, by sheer daring and determination, succeeded in cutting a way through the Germans, and under the protection of our machine-gunners, and of the American machine-gunners, it crossed the Marne on improvised rafts. On the other side of the river, it resumed the struggle.

THE BELOVED CAPTAIN*

DONALD HANKEY

He came in the early days, when we were still at recruit drills under the hot September sun. Tall, erect, smiling: so we first saw him, and so he remained to the end. At the start he knew as little of soldiering as we did. He used to watch us being drilled by the sergeant; but his manner of watching was peculiarly his own. He never looked bored. He was learning just as much as we were, in fact

*Taken by permission of the E. P. Dutton Company from *A Student in Arms.*

more. He was learning his job, and from the first he saw that his job was more than to give the correct orders. His job was to lead us. So he watched, and noted many things, and never found the time hang heavy on his hands. He watched our evolutions, so as to learn the correct orders; he watched for the right manner of command, the manner which secured the most prompt response to an order; and he watched every one of us for our individual characteristics. We were his men. Already he took an almost paternal interest in us. He noted the men who tried hard but were naturally slow and awkward. He distinguished them from those who were inattentive and bored. He marked down the keen and efficient amongst us. Most of all he studied those who were subject to moods, who were sulky one day and willing the next. These were the ones who were to turn the scale. If only he could get these on his side, the battle would be won.

For a few days he just watched. Then he started to work. He picked out some of the most awkward ones, and, accompanied by a corporal, marched them away by themselves. Ingenuously he explained that he did not know much himself; but he thought that they might get on better if they drilled by themselves a bit, and that if he helped them, and they helped him, they would soon learn. His confidence was infectious. He looked at them, and they looked at him, and the men pulled themselves together and determined to do their best. Their best surprised themselves. His patience was inexhaustible. His simplicity could not fail to be understood. His keenness and optimism carried all with them. Very soon the awkward squad found themselves awkward no longer; and soon

after that they ceased to be a squad, and went back to the platoon.

Then he started to drill the platoon, with the sergeant standing by to point out his mistakes. Of course he made mistakes, and when that happened he never minded admitting it. He would explain what mistakes he had made, and try again. The result was that we began to take almost as much interest and pride in his progress as he did in ours. We were his men, and he was our leader. We felt that he was a credit to us, and we resolved to be a credit to him. There was a bond of mutual confidence and affection between us, which grew stronger and stronger as the months passed. He had a smile for almost everyone; but we thought that he had a different smile for us. We looked for it, and were never disappointed. On parade, as long as we were trying, his smile encouraged us. Off parade, if we passed him and saluted, his eyes looked straight into our own, and his smile greeted us. It was a wonderful thing, that smile of his. It was something worth living for, and worth working for. It bucked one up when one was bored or tired. It seemed to make one look at things from a different point of view, a finer point of view, his point of view. There was nothing feeble or weak about it. It was not monotonous like the smile of "Sunny Jim." It meant something. It meant that we were his men, and that he was proud of us, and sure that we were going to do jolly well—better than any of the other platoons. And it made us determine that we would. When we failed him, when he was disappointed in us, he did not smile. He did not rage or curse. He just looked disappointed, and that made us feel far more savage with

ourselves than any amount of swearing would have done. He made us feel that were not playing the game by him. It was not what he said. He was never very good at talking. It was just how he looked. And his look of displeasure and disappointment was a thing that we would do anything to avoid. The fact was that he had won his way into our affections. We loved him. And there isn't anything stronger than love, when all's said and done.

He was good to look on. He was big and tall, and held himself upright. His eyes looked his own height. He moved with the grace of an athlete. His skin was tanned by a wholesome outdoor life, and his eyes were clear and wide open. Physically he was a prince among men. We used to notice, as we marched along the road and passed other officers, that they always looked pleased to see him. They greeted him with a cordiality which was reserved for him. Even the general seemed to have singled him out, and cast an eye of special approval upon him. Somehow, gentle though he was, he was never familiar. He had a kind of innate nobility which marked him out as above us. He was not democratic. He was rather the justification for aristocracy. We all knew instinctively that he was our superior—a man of finer temper than ourselves, a "toff" in his own right. I suppose that that was why he could be so humble without loss of dignity. For he was humble, too, if that is the right word, and I think it is. No trouble of ours was too small for him to attend to. When we started route marches, for instance, and our feet were blistered and sore, as they often were at first, you would have thought that they were his own feet from the trouble he took. Of course after the march there was always an

inspection of feet. That is the routine. But with him it was no mere routine. He came into our rooms, and if anyone had a sore foot he would kneel down on the floor and look at it as carefully as if he had been a doctor. Then he would prescribe, and the remedies were ready at hand, being borne by the sergeant. If a blister had to be lanced he would very likely lance it himself there and then, so as to make sure that it was done with a clean needle and that no dirt was allowed to get in. There was no affectation about this, no striving after effect. It was simply that he felt that our feet were pretty important, and that he knew that we were pretty careless. So he thought it best at the start to see to the matter himself. Nevertheless, there was in our eyes something almost religious about this care for our feet. It seemed to have a touch of the Christ about it, and we loved and honored him the more.

We knew that we should lose him. For one thing, we knew that he would be promoted. It was our great hope that some day he would command the company. Also we knew that he would be killed. He was so amazingly unselfconscious. For that reason we knew that he would be absolutely fearless. He would be so keen on the job in hand, and so anxious for his men, that he would forget about his own danger. So it proved. He was a captain when we went out to the front. Whenever there was a tiresome job to be done, he was there in charge. If ever there were a moment of danger, he was on the spot. If there were any particular part of the line where the shells were falling faster or the bombs dropping more thickly than in other parts, he was in it. It was not that he was

conceited and imagined himself indispensable. It was just that he was so keen that the men should do their best, and act worthily of the regiment. He knew that fellows hated turning out at night for fatigue when they were in a "rest camp." He knew how tiresome the long march there and back and the digging in the dark for an unknown purpose were. He knew that fellows would be inclined to grouse and shirk, so he thought that it was up to him to go and show them that he thought it was a job worth doing. And the fact that he was there put a new complexion on the matter altogether. No one would shirk if he were there. No one would grumble so much, either. What was good enough for him was good enough for us. If it were not too much trouble for him to turn out, it was not too much trouble for us. He knew, too, how trying to the nerves it is to sit in a trench and be shelled. He knew what a temptation there is to move a bit farther down the trench and herd together in a bunch at what seems the safest end. He knew, too, the folly of it, and that it was not the thing to do—not done in the best regiments. So he went along to see that it did not happen, to see that the men stuck to their posts, and conquered their nerves. And as soon as we saw him, we forgot our own anxiety. It was: "Move a bit farther down, sir. We are all right here; but don't you go exposing of yourself." We didn't matter. We knew it then. We were just the rank and file, bound to take risks. The company would get along all right without us. But the captain, how was the company to get on without him? To see him was to catch his point of view, to forget our personal anxieties, and only to think of the company and the regiment, and honor.

There was not one of us but would gladly have died for him. We longed for the chance to show him that. We weren't heroes. We never dreamed about the V. C. But to save the captain we would have earned it ten times over, and never have cared a button whether we got it or not. We never got the chance, worse luck. It was all the other way. We were holding some trenches which were about as unhealthy as trenches could be. The Boches were only a few yards away, and were well supplied with trench mortars. We hadn't got any at that time. Bombs and air torpedoes were dropping round us all day. Of course the captain was there. It seemed as if he could not keep away. A torpedo fell into the trench, and buried some of our chaps. The fellows next to them ran to dig them out. Of course he was one of the first. Then came another torpedo in the same place. That was the end.

But he lives. Somehow he lives. And we who knew him do not forget. We feel his eyes on us. We still work for that wonderful smile of his. There are not many of the old lot left now; but I think that those who went West have seen him. When they got to the other side I think they were met. Someone said: "Well done, good and faithful servant." And as they knelt before that gracious pierced Figure, I reckon they saw near by the captain's smile. Anyway in that faith let me die, if death should come my way; and so, I think, shall I die content.

"DOING THEIR BIT"

CONINGSBY DAWSON

God as we see Him! And do we see Him? I think so, but not always consciously. He moves among us in the

forms of our brother men. We see him most evidently when danger is most threatening and courage is at its highest. We don't often recognize Him out loud. Our chaps don't assert that they're His fellow-campaigners. They're too humble-minded and inarticulate for that. They're where they are because they want to do their "bit" —their duty. A carefully disguised instinct of honor brought them there. "Doing their bit" in Bible language means, laying down their lives for their friends. After all they're not so far from Nazareth.

"Doing their bit!" That covers everything. Here's an example of how God walks among us. In one of our attacks on the Somme all the observers up forward were uncertain as to what had happened. We didn't know whether our infantry had captured their objective, failed, or gone beyond it. The battlefield, as far as eye could reach, was a bath of mud. It is extremely easy in the excitement of an offensive, when all landmarks are blotted out, for our storming parties to lose their direction. If this happens, a number of dangers may result. A battalion may find itself "up in the air," which means that it has failed to connect with the battalions on its right and left; its flanks are then exposed to the enemy. It may advance too far, and start digging itself in at a point where it was previously arranged that our artillery should place their protective wall of fire. We, being up forward as artillery observers, are the eyes of the army. It is our business to watch for such contingencies, to keep in touch with the situation as it progresses and to send our information back as quickly as possible. We were peering through our glasses from our point of vantage when, far away in the thickest of

the battle-smoke, we saw a white flag wagging, sending back messages. The flag-wagging was repeated desperately; it was evident that no one had replied, and probable that no one had picked up the messages. A signaller who was with us read the language for us. A company of infantry had advanced too far; they were most of them wounded, very many of them dead, and they were in danger of being surrounded. They asked for our artillery to place a curtain of fire in front of them, and for reinforcements to be sent up.

We at once 'phoned the orders through to our artillery and notified the infantry headquarters of the division that was holding that front. But it was necessary to let those chaps know that we were aware of their predicament. They'd hang on if they knew that; otherwise—

Without orders our signaller was getting his flags ready. If he hopped out of the trench on to the parapet, he didn't stand a fifty-fifty chance. The Hun was familiar with our observation station and strafed it with persistent regularity.

The signaller turned to the senior officer present, "What will I send them, sir?"

"Tell them their messages have been received and that help is coming."

Out the chap scrambled, a flag in either hand—he was nothing but a boy. He ran crouching like a rabbit to a hump of mud where his figure would show up against the sky. His flags commenced wagging, "Messages received. Help coming." They didn't see him at first. He had to repeat the words. We watched him breathlessly. We knew what would happen; at last it happened. A Hun observer

had spotted him and flashed the target back to his guns. All about him the mud commenced to leap and bubble. He went on signalling the good word to those stranded men up front, "Messages received. Help coming." At last they'd seen him. They were signalling, "O. K." It was at that moment that a whizz-bang lifted him off his feet and landed him all of a huddle. *His "bit!"* It was what he'd volunteered to do, when he came from Canada. The signalled "O. K." in the battle smoke was like a testimony to his character.

DISCIPLINE

CONINGSBY DAWSON

When men die for something worth while death loses all its terror. It's petering out in bed from sickness or old age that's so horrifying. Many a man, whose cowardice is at loggerheads with his sense of duty, comes to the Front as a non-combatant; he compromises with his conscience and takes a bomb-proof job in some service whose place is well behind the lines. He doesn't stop there long, if he's a decent sort. Having learnt more than ever he guessed before about the brutal things that shell-fire can do to you, he transfers into a fighting unit. Why? Because danger doesn't appal; it allures. It holds a challenge. It stings one's pride. It urges one to seek out ascending scales of risk, just to prove to himself that he isn't flabby. The safe job is the only job for which there's no competition in fighting units. You have to persuade men to be grooms, or cooks, or batmen. If you're seeking volunteers for a chance at annihilation, you have to cast lots to avoid the offense of rejecting. All of this is inexplicable to civilians.

I've heard them call the men at the Front "spiritual geniuses"—which sounds splendid, but means nothing.

If civilian philosophers fail to explain us, we can explain them. In their world they are the center of their universe. They look inward, instead of outward. The sun rises and sets to minister to their particular happiness. If they should die, the stars would vanish. We understand; a few months ago we, too, were like that. What makes us reckless of death is our intense gratitude that we have altered. We want to prove to ourselves in excess how utterly we are changed from what we were. In his secret heart the egotist is a self-despiser. Can you imagine what a difference it works in a man after years of self-contempt, at least for one brief moment to approve of himself? Ever since we can remember, we were chained to the prison-house of our bodies; we lived to feed our bodies, to clothe our bodies, to preserve our bodies, to minister to their passions. Now we know that our bodies are merely flimsy shells, in which our souls are paramount. We can fling them aside any minute; they become ignoble the moment the soul has departed. We have proof. Often at zero hour we have seen whole populations of cities go over the top and vanish, leaving behind them their bloody rags. We should go mad if we did not believe in immortality. We know that the physical is not the essential part. How better can a man shake off his flesh than at the hour when his spirit is most shining? The exact day when he dies does not matter—tomorrow or fifty years hence. The vital concern is not when, but how.

The civilian philosopher considers what we've lost. He forgets that it could never have been ours for long. In

many cases it was misused and scarcely worth having while it lasted. Some of us were too weak to use it well. We might use it better now. We turn from such thoughts and reckon up our gains. On the debit side we place ourselves as we were. We probably caught a train every morning—the same train, we went to a business where we sat at a desk. Neither the business nor the desk ever altered. We received the same strafing from the same employer; or, if we were the employer, we administered the same strafing. We only did these things that we might eat bread; our dreams were all selfish—of more clothes, more respect, more food, bigger houses. The least part of the day we devoted to the people and the things we really cared for. And the people we loved—we weren't always nice to them. On the credit side we place ourselves as we are—doing a man's job, doing it for some one else, and unafraid to meet God.

Before the war the word "ideals" had grown out-of-date and priggish—we had substituted for it the more robust word "ambitions." Today ideals have come back to their place in our vocabulary. We have forgotten that we ever had ambitions, but at this moment men are drowning for ideals in the mud of Flanders.

Nevertheless, it is true; it isn't natural to be brave. How, then, have multitudes of men acquired this sudden knack of courage? They have been educated by the greatness of the occasion; when big sacrifices have been demanded, men have never been found lacking. And they have acquired it through discipline and training.

When you have subjected yourself to discipline, you cease to think of yourself; you are not you, but a part of

a company of men. If you don't do your duty, you throw the whole machine out. You soon learn the hard lesson that every man's life and every man's service belong to other people. Of this the organization of an army is a vivid illustration. Take the infantry, for instance. They can't fight by themselves; they're dependent on the support of the artillery. The artillery, in their turn, would be terribly crippled, were it not for the gallantry of the air service. If the infantry collapse, the guns have to go back; if the infantry advance, the guns have to be pulled forward. This close interdependence of service on service, division on division, battalion on battery, follows right down through the army till it reaches the individual, so that each man feels that the day will be lost if he fails. His imagination becomes intrigued by the immensity of the stakes for which he plays. Any physical calamity which may happen to himself becomes trifling when compared with the disgrace he would bring upon his regiment if he were not courageous.

A few months ago I was handing over a battery-position in a fairly warm place. The major, who came up to take over from me, brought with him a subaltern and just enough men to run the guns. Within half an hour of their arrival, a stray shell came over and caught the subaltern and five of the gun detachment. It was plain at once that the subaltern was dying—his name must have been written on the shell, as we say in France. We got a stretcher and made all haste to rush him out to a dressing station. Just as he was leaving, he asked to speak with his major. "I'm so sorry, sir; I didn't mean to get wounded," he whispered. The last word he sent back from the dressing

station where he died, was, "Tell the major, I didn't mean to do it." That's discipline. He didn't think of himself; all he thought of was that his major would be left short handed.

TO OVERCOME THE WORLD

CONINGSBY DAWSON

Often at the Front I have thought of Christ's explanation of his own unassailable peace—an explanation given to his disciples at the Last Supper, immediately before the walk to Gethsemane: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Overcoming the world, as I understand it, is overcoming self. Fear, in its final analysis, is nothing but selfishness. A man who is afraid in an attack, isn't thinking of his pals and how quickly terror spreads; he isn't thinking of the glory which will accrue to his regiment or division if the attack is a success; he isn't thinking of what he can do to contribute to that success; he isn't thinking of the splendor of forcing his spirit to triumph over weariness and nerves and the abominations that the Huns are chucking at him. He's thinking merely of how he can save his worthless skin and conduct his entirely unimportant body to a place where there aren't any shells.

In London as I saw the work-a-day, unconscious nobility of the maimed and wounded, the words, "I have overcome the world," took an added depth. All these men have an "I-have-overcome-the-world" look in their faces. It's comparatively easy for a soldier with traditions and ideals at his back to face death calmly; to be calm in the face of life, as these chaps are, takes a graver courage.

III. ON TO VICTORY

And now we have reached the end of our book. American boys are being transformed into Soldiers of Freedom. As you think of this, your thoughts will revert to that section on the Call to the Colors, which you will appreciate the more now that you see what the Call to the Colors involves.

On one side of the sword Excalibur were the words "Keep Me" and on the other, "Throw Me Away!" Just such an ideal is voiced in President Wilson's benediction to the American Soldier.

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

To the Soldiers of the National Army:

You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!

WOODROW WILSON.

GLOSSARY

a society ordered otherwise, a different kind of government.
abbey precincts, the neighborhood of a building occupied by monks.
abeam, opposite the middle of the ship's side.
aboon, above.
abortive, coming to nothing; fruitless.
absolute ruler, one free from restriction or limit.
absolved, set free.
accommodation, a peaceful agreement.
accountable, likely to be called upon to answer or to give an account.
actuated, prompted; moved to action.
address and stratagem, skillful management and plans to outwit.
adjudged, granted legally.
aggrandizement, exalting one's self.
Alfred, a famous king of early Britain.
alien, foreign.
allegiance, the loyalty of a subject to his government.
all-pervasive, diffusing; all permeating.
All-wielder, God.
ambuscade, an ambush or place where troops lie concealed.
amity, friendly relations.
amnesty, an act of a sovereign granting a general pardon for past offenses.
animated bust, a bust that is life-like.
annals, historical records.
annul, to nullify; to abolish.
antique majesty, a stately bearing or dignity inspiring awe because of age.
Apollyon, the angel of the bottomless pit in "Pilgrim's Progress."
apostolic, disciple-like.
apparition, a phantom; a ghost.
approbation, approval; commendation.
aristocracy, rule by a privileged class.
armada, armed ships, The Great Armada, the Spanish Armada.
assuage, to lessen.
at large, without restraint.
athwart, across; from side to side.
auspices, guidance.
authority forgets a dying king, etc, when a king has lost the power of his eye that compels obedience, his authority is gone, and subjects do not obey his commands.
avowal, declaration; acknowledgment.
awe and exultation, wonder and triumph.

baldric, belt; the zodiac.
baleful-minded, full of deadly influence.
bar of history, the future historians who will judge the events of the present.
barb, a Barbary horse noted for speed and endurance.
barons, noblemen.
battalion, a considerable division of an army operating as a unit; in U. S. army, four companies acting together.
beat to quarters, gave the signal for the men to take their positions ready for battle.
bedlam, a lunatic, so-called from an insane hospital in London, originally Bethlehem.
Beëlzebub, one of the princes of hell.
beguile, impose on; deceive.
behest, command.
beneficent, doing good; actively kind.
benignity, graciousness; kindness.
Berserk, in Norse folklore, a wild warrior or champion of a heathen age.
bickering brattle, sudden scamper.
bigoted, narrow-minded; intolerant.
birkie, young fellow.
black-stoled, dressed in a long, loose, black garment.
blanched, pale.
blenched not a step, turned aside not a step.
blinkin' bonilie, shining brightly.
boarding pike, an iron-pointed staff.
bodes, foreshadows; promises.
boggy, marshy.
Bon Dieu, Gracious Father in Heaven.
boon, a favor; a gift.
Bourbon, a member of the noble French family of Bourbon.
brasses, brass plates, used as memorials to the dead.
brawl, a row; a broil.
Brest-Litovsk, the Russian city where the Russo-German treaty was signed.
brig, a two-masted, square-rigged vessel.
Britannia, the poetic name for Great Britain and Ireland.
broadside, the side of a ship above the water line, from bow to quarter.
buckler, a shield worn on the arm.
bulwarks, the side of a ship above the upper deck.
burden, carrying capacity.
burgesses, free citizens of a district or an old English town.
burghers, freemen.
by these presents, a legal phrase meaning present letters or instrument, as a deed, agreement, or other legal document.

cable's length, the length of a ship's cable, about 600 feet.
Canaan, a region corresponding roughly to modern Palestine.
canister, a kind of shot for close-range artillery fire.
Cardinal Mercier, the highest church official of Belgium.
careering, causing to career as a horse; going over.
carriage, bearing; demeanor.
casque, armor for the head; a helmet.
category, class; list.
catholic, broad; liberal.
Cavaliers, adherents of the king in England in the time of Charles I.
celestials, inhabitants of heaven.
certes, certainly; in truth.
chance, perchance.
chancel, that part of the church where the altar stands.
chaplets, wreaths for the head.
charters, instruments in writing from the ruling power of a state or country, granting rights.
chivalry, gallantry; knighthood.
ciel, heaven.
circumstanced, situated; conditioned.
civil body politic, an organized society.
civil rights, the rights of the citizen.
cloister, a monastery; a convent.
clouted knee, patched.
clutch, a firm grasp.
cockpit, in old sailing warships, quarters for junior officers; occupied by the wounded in engagements.
codes, rules and regulations.
Comédie Française, the poet was probably connected with this well known Paris theater.
commemorated, celebrated.
communing, conversing intimately.
compass, limits; range.
competence, means sufficient for the necessaries and conveniences of life.
competency, ability.
comports, agrees.
compulsion, subjection to force; coercion.
conceit, fanciful notion.
concert, planning together.
concluded, brought about.
concrete plans, real, actual plan.
concourse, a gathering; an assemblage.
confederates, men in league with one another.
confirmation, establishment.
confounded, confused; perplexed.
conjecture, surmise; inference.
consecrated, dedicated or declared sacred.
constellation, a group of fixed stars.
constituted authority, the rule of the government in power.
constrains, compels; forces.
constructive, given to building up.
consummation, summing up; completion.
contemporaries, those living or acting at the same time.
contentation, satisfaction.
coof, fool.
copious, abundant; plentiful.
coral, red, like coral, from the bare and bleeding feet of the soldiers.
corps of observation, soldiers who gather information about the enemy.
corselet, armor for the body.
cottar, a peasant.
Cotton Mather, an American preacher of early New England days.
Court of Justice, a tribunal for passing sentence upon wrong doers.
covert, concealment; a covering.
crusade, one of the military expeditions made between 1096 and 1270 by Christian powers to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans.
cuisse (kwĭs), armor for the thighs.
culminate, to reach the highest point.

dais-throne, a raised platform in a hall.
decrepitude, infirmity; feebleness.
delegated power, authority to act for another or others.
deluge, to flood; to overflow.
delusive phantom, deceptive illusion.
demi-paradise, half paradise.
democracy, a government in which the supreme power is retained by the people, as in a republic.
deploying, spreading out; expanding.
deputed, appointed; assigned.
descried, caught sight of.
desecrated, violated; profaned.
detractions, slanders.
devolved, descended; handed down.
Devon, a county in England.
diminution of front, reduction or shortening of the front line.
disaffection, hostility; discontent.
discredited, disbelieved.
discretion, prudence; self-control.
dismemberment, separation of members.
dispassionate, calmly.
dispossessed, deprived of property.
disproportion, want of proportion.
distorted, perverted.
diverse, different; unlike.
dole, give grudgingly.
dominion, supremacy; control.
Don, a Spanish nobleman or gentleman.
don, to put on; to dress in.
dotard, a foolish old person.
double-reefed, having two reefs or folds to reduce the size of the sail.
doughty-minded, strong-willed.
drab, dull.

drawbridge, a bridge, part of which is made to be raised or moved aside.

effrontery, impudence.
ego, self-importance.
egotist, one given to self praise.
election, choice.
emanation, a flowing out from.
emancipation, freedom; liberation.
embodiment, concrete form.
emulate, strive to equal or excel.
encompass, surround.
endued, endowed.
endu'th, endureth.
enervating, enfeebling.
enterprises, undertakings.
Epaminondas, a famous Theban general.
epitaph, an inscription in memory of a person.
epoch, event.
equal state, a state in which all men have equal rights.
equitable, just; right; fair.
eradicated, rooted out; destroyed.
essence, fundamental element.
evinces a design, shows clearly a plan.
evolutions, a series of movements as in the drill of troops.
exotic, a plant that is not native.
exposition, a setting forth for purposes of explanation.
expostulation, remonstrance; protest.
extenuate, to excuse.
exultation, see **awe and exultation.**

fabric of social order, a form of government.
fair professions, promises.
faith's shrine, a place where a people worship according to their belief.
familiar, companion.
fanned, stirred up to activity.
fastnesses, strongholds; fortresses.
fathom, measure by sounding.
fealty, loyalty; homage.
fell, cruel; a hill or mountain.
fen-mound, a mound in a marshy region.
fetters, chains; shackles.
feudal, a common form of government in the Middle Ages.
filled away, brought the ship around.
Final Doom, destiny; the final judgment at the end of the world.
foray, a raid.
foul of each other, in each other's way.
fraught, freighted; burdened.
fretted, adorned with interlacing lines or figures.
friars, brothers of a religious order.
frigate, a war vessel of secondary size, propelled by sails.
fronting moonward, looking eastward to the Orient.

furtherance, carrying out.
fusillade, a general discharge of firearms.

galleon, a Spanish war vessel of the 15th century, propelled by sails.
Gardens of Hesperides, in mythology, the Garden of the Golden Apples, supposed to be located in Africa.
garish, showy; gay; gaudy.
gear, armor; power to act properly.
Geats, Goths; Beowulf's tribe.
genial, warm; life-giving.
gentry, those between the yeomanry and the nobility.
glade, a grassy, open space.
glebe, ground; sod.
golden age, a period of greatest growth or prosperity.
Gordon, Lord Byron, a famous English poet.
gowd, gold.
grape, grape shot; a cluster of small iron balls to be shot from a cannon.
greaves, armor for the calves of the legs.
gree, prize.
groat, an English silver coin worth eight cents, no longer in use.
grouse, to hide away.
guinea's stamp, the mark of the coin, not its real value.
guises, cloaks; shapes.
gyves, shackles; chains.

had struck, lowered the flag in token of surrender.
haft, the hilt of a sword.
Happy Isles, the isles of the blest.
hardly beset, afflicted; troubled.
harmonies of law, agreement in ideals.
hauled upon the wind, shifted the course toward the wind.
heath-stepper, any animal of the moorland.
helm, helmet.
hélas, alas!
henchman, a trusted follower.
heraldry, ancestry; high descent.
Hercules, Gates of, Pillars of, two promontaries on the Strait of Gibraltar, supposed to have been placed there by Hercules.
hest, command.
High-Church, a branch of the Church of England, that emphasizes ceremonials and symbols.
high-poised, steady; great and true.
high resolution, noble decision.
hind, a peasant.
history . . . its processes, the things that influence, make, or determine history.
hoddin-gray, a coarse gray cloth.
homely, plain; simple.
homespun breasts, rustic people.

humanities, the ancient classics; branches of polite learning.
Hyades, a cluster of stars thought by the ancients to indicate the coming of rain when they rose with the sun.

ideals, aims; purposes.
ignominy, disgrace; dishonor.
illusions, unreal images.
impeached, called to account for some crime or official misconduct.
impel, to incite; to urge.
imperative, absolutely necessary.
imperial, belonging to supreme authority; kingly.
impious, irreverent; wicked.
improvised, made suddenly; offhand.
impute, charge; ascribe.
in league with, in alliance with.
incarnation of evil, a person exemplifying the spirit of evil.
incensed, angered; aroused.
incident, belonging to.
inclement, severe; rigorous.
incredible, too extraordinary to be believed; surpassing belief.
incumbent, resting as a duty.
inestimable, priceless; precious.
inevitable, unavoidable.
inexplicable, incapable of being explained.
infection, contamination; that which taints or corrupts.
ingenuous, innocently frank; artless.
ingle, fire; fireplace.
inglorious, shameful; disgraceful.
ingots, nuggets; blocks or bars.
inherent, native; inborn.
initiative, right or power to introduce a new course of action.
innative, inborn.
Inns of Court, the four societies of "students and practitioners of the law of England" which admit persons to the practice of law.
Inquisition, a Spanish tribunal for the punishment of heretics.
insidious, deceitful; treacherous.
instituted, set up; organized.
intangible, not easily touched; vague.
intemperately, excessively.
interposition, intercession.
interpret, to explain the meaning of.
into the Presence, before the Deity.
intrigue, plotting; secret conspiracy.
inured, accustomed; hardened.
inviolate, unbroken; unharmed.
isolation, separation from others.
issue of victory or death, result; consequences.

Jeanne d'Arc, the French heroine, who led an army and won a great victory over the English at Orleans, hence called "The Maid of Orleans."
jocund, cheery; merry.
jousted, engaged in combat.
junk, a ship of China or Japan.

kernes, a body of foot soldiers of Ireland or Scotland.
knight errant, an adventurer.
kultur, a German theory of social and industrial life.

laith to rin, loath to run.
languishing, losing strength.
larboard, the left-hand side of a ship to one on board facing toward the bow; port is commonly used now instead of larboard.
latest-left, last remaining.
lazaretto, a hospital.
lees, dregs.
leeward, opposed to windward.
let them in their journey, hinder, etc.
lief, beloved.
lineaments, features.
lour, look dark and threatening.
low countries, Netherlands and Belgium.
luffed athwart, headed across.

madding, making mad.
Magna Charta, the Great Charter, which the English barons forced King John to sign at Runnymede.
magnanimously, nobly.
magnifique, magnificent; splendid.
Mahomet, Mohammed, the founder of the Mohammedan religion.
malheureusement, unfortunately.
Mammon, the god of riches.
manner born, born to follow or obey a certain practice or custom.
mantling land, land and sea covered with the blue of heaven.
march-stalkers, trangressors; poachers.
mareschal, marshal.
marge, margin; edge.
marquis, a title of nobility in Europe.
marshalled, arranged in a certain order.
maskers, people in disguise.
matchlock, an old form of gun.
maunna fa', may not claim.
medaillé militaire, a military medal given for special bravery.
menace, that which threatens evil.
mercenary, hired; England hired 22,000 Hessians to fight for her in the American Revolution.
mere, sea or lake.
mete, measure.
meteor, bright and flashing.
mien, manner; bearing.
militant, fighting; combating.
minions, willing servants.
minstrels, wandering entertainers.
miscreants, unscrupulous villains.
misprize, undervalue; scorn.

mitrailleuse, machine-gun.
mizzenmast, the aftermost mast of a three-masted vessel.
mock the wind, to defy the wind.
moment, consequence; importance.
mon ami, my friend.
moors, waste land, often marshy.
moping, spiritless.
morass, a marsh; wet ground.
Muse, one of the nine goddesses that preside over song and poetry.
musqueteers, soldiers armed with muskets.
mutinous, in a state of mutiny.
myrrh, one of the perfumes brought to Christ by the Three Wise Men.

negative, denial or refusal.
Nelson, a famous English admiral.
nominal, in name only.

obligation, duty.
offensive war, making attack; opposed to defensive war.
offices of tenderness, acts of kindness.
Old Noll, Oliver Cromwell, contemptuously so called by the Cavaliers.
ominous, forshadowing evil.
onset, assault; attack.
Oui, yes.
outlandish, from the outlands; strange.
overplied, overworked of mind.
owned the English interest, favored the English side.

pandemonium, tumult; wild uproar.
parable, a short narrative of a possible event in life or nature, from which a moral is drawn.
paramount, having higher rank; chief.
parchment, the skin of an animal, as a lamb or goat, prepared for writing.
parish, district.
parliamentary system, government by the people through representatives.
partisans, blind followers of party.
patent, a document conferring a privilege.
patent, evident; manifest.
pattle, paddle for cleaning the plow.
Paul's, St. Paul's Cathedral, London.
pawn, pledge.
Peal of Destiny, fate; that to which one is predetermined.
peasants, tillers of the soil of lowest rank.
pecuniary, relating to money.
pedant, a person with book learning who lacks the judgment to make proper use of his knowledge.
peers, in early England, noblemen; equals.
peons, common laborers; especially applied to laborers on large estates in Mexico, Central America, and South America.
permeating, penetrating.
perpetuate, keep alive; cause to last.
phrased, told in words.
picturesque, suggesting a picture; graphic.
Piedmontese, natives of Piedmont, Italy.
pillory, a framework for publicly punishing offenders, which had holes through which the offender's head and hands were put.
pinnaces, light sailing vessels used as tenders for warships.
pittance, a small amount of money.
Pleiades, a cluster of seven stars.
political equality, having equal rights in matters of government.
polity, form of government.
ponderous states, massive; weighty.
portcullis, an iron gate to a fortress or castle, hung over the entrance, to be let down to prevent entrance.
portentous, foreboding evil; foreshadowing; ominous.
portray, to describe in words; to picture.
poste de commandment, army officers' temporary headquarters.
pound of flesh, an expression, referring to the story of Shylock, in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, meaning severe terms of settlement.
precincts, see **neighborhood.**
precipitous, steep.
pre-eminent, surpassing others.
preferment, preference; state of being chosen.
preferments, offices of honor or profit.
pregnant with celestial fire, filled with heavenly spirit or fervor.
prelacy, church government.
preposterous conceptions, absurd or ridiculous notions.
presage, foretell; point out; forebode.
prestige, influence or power derived from past successes.
primacy, first in rank.
Primate, a bishop of first rank; the archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of all England.
Primer, a book of church service, containing prayers, psalms, and other forms of devotion.
Prince of Princes, Jesus Christ.
privateers, armed private vessels bearing the commission of the sovereign power to cruise against commerce or enemy war vessels.
projects, undertakings; plans.

promiscuously, without discrimination; not restricted to an individual or particular group or groups of persons.
propaganda, plans for spreading a doctrine.
propitious, favorable; promising.
propriety, fitness; suitableness.
prostrates principalities, overthrows powers.
provoke, arouse; call forth.
purple, the color of rank or authority.

quailed, gave way; lost heart.
quarter-deck, that part of the upper deck abaft the mainmast, used as a promenade for the officers and sometimes the cabin passengers.
quells, beats down; calms; subdues.
quit, acquit; conduct.
qui vive, who goes there? a challenge.

rabble, a mob.
rack, a crash; a shock.
rage, enthusiasm.
ransom redemption or liberation.
ratified, approved; made valid.
reach, a level stretch.
recked, heeded.
recreant, coward.
redress, to set right.
regenerate it, establish it on a better basis.
remanded, sent back.
reminiscence, a statement of what is remembered.
representative government, government by the people through chosen representatives.
repression, restraint; act of subduing.
reprobation, censure; severe disapproval.
reverberations, echoes.
Rogers, John, an English Protestant clergyman burned as a heretic, the first martyr of Mary's reign.
royalist activities, operations conducted by those supporting the British government.
Royals, a special detachment of English engineers.
rude, simple-living; crude.
rustic moralist, simple countryman who practices moral duties.

sacré nom, by Jove!
sacredness, reverence.
samite, heavy silk cloth.
sanctuary, a church, temple, or other consecrated building.
sauterelle, grasshopper.
Saxon kind, like the Saxons, willing to fight.
scathe, injure; harm.
sceptered, royal; invested with sovereign authority.
schooner, a small vessel with two sails.
Scotia's realm, poetic name for Scotland; "Land of Scots."
Scott, Sir Walter, a famous Scotch novelist.
scroll, a roll.
seat of Mars, the place where the God of War rules.
sedition, excitement or discontent against the government; conduct which tends to treason, but which lacks an overt act to make it treason.
seduced, misled.
self-determination, determining for themselves the kind of government the people of a country prefer.
senile imprudence, disregard of consequences.
sensible, aware; conscious.
sensible curse, a curse that was felt.
sepulcher, burying place; tomb.
sequel, that which follows.
sequestered, secluded.
serfs, servants; farm laborers who are sold with the farm.
setting their fires, encouraging sedition and disloyalty.
shackles, influences against freedom and self-government.
Shelley, a famous English poet.
shepherd of mankind, a guardian of the human race.
shire, a small division of territory in England corresponding to a county.
shows his teeth, is angry; billowy.
shrouds, lateral, supporting ropes leading from the masthead.
Sidney, an English author and general.
significance, meaning.
sinews, things which supply strength.
sinister, evil; corrupt.
siren, a sea nymph that by her singing lured mariners to destruction.
Slavic, those who speak the language of the Slavs.
smite, give a blow.
Smithfield fire, refers to a place in London, where, during the reign of Queen Mary, heretics were burned.
snare, a noose; a trap.
social principle, the principle of free coöperation among equals as opposed to autocratic rule and serfdom.
society, individuals united by some common interest and having some form of organization.
Soissons, a city on the Aisne River, France, along which was much severe fighting in the early part of the war.
solidarity of race, making race a basis of forming separate governments.
Solon, an Athenian lawgiver.
solution, satisfactory settlement.
sophistries, deceptions; trickeries.

sorceress, a female magician.
sounding furrows, waves in shallow water the depth of which can be measured by the sounding line.
spiritual exaltation, spirtual advancement.
spiritual unity, oneness of ideals.
squadron, vessels composing the fleet.
squire, in England, a title of dignity.
St. Bartholomew, refers to the massacre of the Huguenots which began in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1572.
St. Michael, the leader of the hosts of angels, the angel of the sword.
starboard, opposed to port; that side of a ship on the right hand of a person who stands on board facing the bow.
still, always.
stocks, pillories.
storied urn, urn inscribed with a story.
straitly, tightly.
stratagem, see **address.**
stubborn right abide, await my right.
subaltern, subordinate.
subjugation. state of being conquered by force.
subscribed, agrees; assents.
subtlest, most delicate.
succor, aid; help.
succors, aids; helpers.
sum of love, growing spirit of kindness.
supernal, celestial; heavenly.
supinely, heedless; thoughtless.
supple-tempered, not obstinate.
swashbuckler, a braggart.
symbolize, made to represent.

taffrail, the rail around a ship's stern.
temporal, temporary.
tenant, one who has temporary occupation of lands, the title to which belongs to another; a renter.
tenor, general course.
thanes, bodyguards; attendants.
thorn, hawthorn tree.
thralldom, bondage.
thumb-screw, an old instrument of torture.
Time's burst of dawn, the coming into view of a new world.
"toff," an aristocrat.
token, evidence; proof.
tradition, custom that has prevailed from year to year.
Trafalgar, the greatest British naval victory during the wars of Napoleon, off Cape Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.
transcendent, supreme.
transient, of short duration.
transmute, change.
transported, carried away with emotion.
travail, suffering; toil; agony.
treachery, violation of confidence.
tropical growth, rapid growth.
trough, a depression, as between waves.
truculence, savageness; ferociousness.

unalienable, incapable of being surrendered or given up to another.
unbrace, loose.
uncouth, odd; strange.
unquailing, undaunted; not shrinking.
unsolders, separates; divides; disunites.
unsullied, untarnished.
usurper, one who rules illegally.

vain pretense, fruitless, false show.
Valhalla, in Norse mythology, the Hall of Odin, into which he receives the souls of heroes slain in battle.
validity, soundness; justness.
valor-glories, bravery.
van, the leading unit of an army.
vantage-ground, favorable situation.
vassal, a subject; a servant.
vaulted roof, arched roof of the hall.
vauntingly, boastfully.
verboten, forbidden.
venerable, worthy of deep respect.
vestal fire of democracy, the sacred fire or spirit of freedom.
V. C., Victoria Cross, a bronze Maltese cross, awarded for remarkable valor to members of the British army or navy.
vigil, watch; act of keeping awake.
vindicate their ancestry, justify or maintain the claims of their ancestry to courage and the spirit of free government.
vive la France, Long live France!
votive stone, a stone set to commemrate a vow.
vouchsafed, granted.

ware, aware.
warm precincts, glowing surroundings.
wary, cautious; watchful.
wave-beat helm of will, the firm will, unaffected by temptations.
wear round, turn the vessel about by swinging the bow *with* the wind, instead of against it.
weather-quarter, the windward side.
weeds, garb; dress.
welter, turmoil.
Western Ocean, among the ancients, the ocean lying to the west of the then known world; the Atlantic.
wha hae wi', who have with.
Winthrop, one of the early governors of Massachusetts colony.
wroth of mood, angry; wrathful.

yeoman, one of the poorer class of English freemen.

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